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Ye flame

Ye Flame
"BOOK" ISSUE

Sayle Barlow.



CENTRAL
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INSTITUTE
REGINA

1935 - 36

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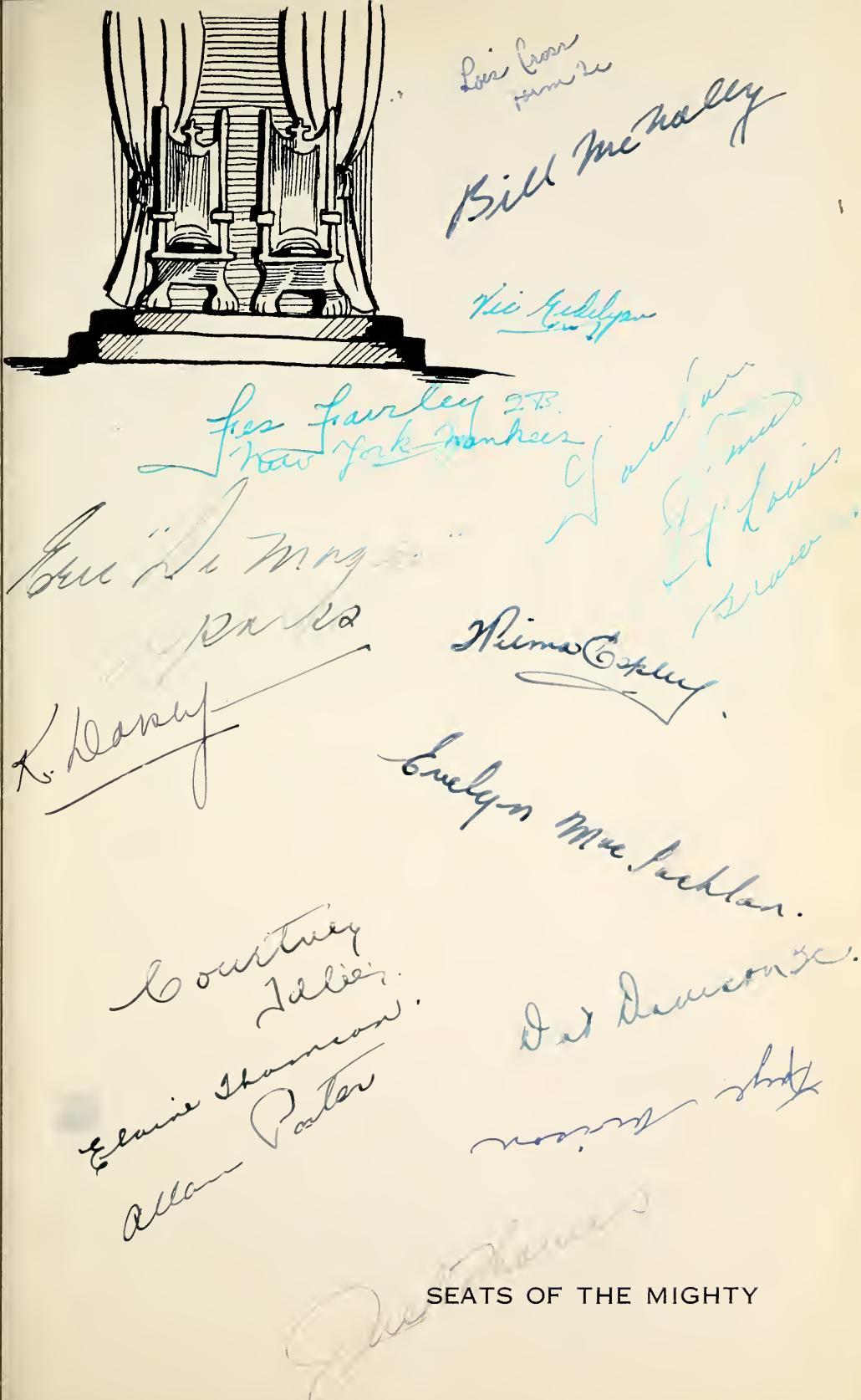
DEDICATION

To books, good books, interesting books, books which have withstood the trying test of time, books that all enjoy, to immortal books—

“Old Books—
Frayed from the searching
Of truth-hungry fingers
Their warm soft vellum
Heads one up through sorrows
Like a dear friend’s hand.”

—WILSON MACDONALD.







EDITORIAL STAFF

Back Row—H. Hyman, S. Berwick, R. Mitchell, E. Cameron, P. Lexier, R. Husband, B. Angley.

Front Row—B. Carnie, D. Taggart, G. Blair, Mr. R. W. W. Robertson, G. Withrow, M. MacDonald, E. Milner.

"YE FLAME" EDITORIAL STAFF

Editors in Chief—Gordon Blair, '36; George Withrow, '36.

Associate Editors—Dorothy Taggart, '37; Marianne MacDonald, '37.

Literary—Betty Carnie, '36.

Form News—Bob Mitchell, '36; Bob Husband, '36; Ellen Cameron, '36.

Sports—Ross Barlow, '36.

Activities—Harold Hyman, '36; Sandy Berwick, '37.

Humor—Esther Milner, '36.

Art—Bill Angley, '37.

Staff Advisor—R. W. W. Robertson.

Form Representatives:

FIRST YEAR—Kay Avison, Lorraine Shuttleworth, Pearl Powell, Gardiner Williams, Betty James, Anne Brandt, Mavis Rodgers, Garnet Durham.

SECOND YEAR—Pat Bing; Festus Fairley, Cyril Bulmer, Don Smith, Alex Lifshitz.

THIRD YEAR—Phil Perry, Barbara Coates, Elaine Stephenson, Jim Walker, Marianne MacDonald, Roy Chinn.

FOURTH YEAR—Harold Hyman, Mildred Bole, Bob Mitchell, Bob Husband, Betty Carnie.



BUSINESS STAFF

Back Row—K. Ansley, D. McEwen, M. Speers, A. Crossley, A. Wilson.

Front Row—G. Crook, G. Boyd, Mr. J. E. Campbell, A. Scythes, D. McDonald, A. Hemstreet.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager—Alan Scythes, '36.

Assistant Business Manager—Glen Crook, '36.

Treasurers—Gladys Boyd, '36; Doris McDonald, '36.

Photography—Alvin Hemstreet, '36.

Advertising Managers—Art Wilson, '36; Mary Speers, '36.

Circulation—Keith Ansley, '36; Allan Crossley, '37; Don McEwen, '37.

Staff Advisors—Mr. Campbell, Mr. MacMurchy, Mr. Fyfe.

EDITORIAL

OUR SOVEREIGN

EDWARD, the best ambassador of good will a country has ever had, a man who has observed life from as many angles as his position would allow, who has often shocked sedate councillors of state by daringly venturing opinions not wont to be uttered by a Prince, the true democrat, a real internationalist, is now the Emperor of Great Britain and her possessions beyond the seas.

Edward the Eighth has ascended to rule an empire economically sick, infected by a strange malady which has laid the whole world prostrate. It is well then that he is daring, novel and wise to undertake. It is to such men as himself, young men, men of that proper mixture of impetuosity and cautiousness to whom the world is slowly turning for advice and leadership. In his capacity his word will be of no little worth, his counsels will be well considered, his spirit, too, will flow through British policy, as his Father's before him, a spirit which will beget for him who is downtrodden and distressed, the happier life and better.

HIS LATE MAJESTY

KING GEORGE is dead." Over all his Empire when those words were spoken there was cast a pall of sadness. The passing of an Emperor, a well-beloved leader was mourned by all his subjects—or more properly his country-men. Dignified, possessing all kingly virtues, he is gone.

His memory remains. Those things that we read of him, heard him say, saw him do, remain. The memory of the calm, unaffected manner in which he carried out his many arduous and exacting duties of state, remains. The memory of a gently, kindly, loving sportsman, remains. The memory of George V remains always, to be associated with the highest and best of the era in which he lived.

EDITORIAL THANKS

WORK has made this Annual a success. So we say thanks to all those who have worked.

Thanks to our editorial staff who have given unsparingly of their time and talent both in and out of school. The sacrifice of those who spent their Easter holidays building the foundations for this enterprize is recognized and appreciated. Especially do we thank all those who have contributed to our literary section, those whose articles were rejected as well as those whose material was accepted. The feature of this annual is the illustrations. This would have been impossible without the work of the triumvirate: Mary Filer, 1B; Herb Bethel, 4F; and Murray Westgate, 4A; who so admirably supported our art editor, Bill Angley, 3F. So to all four is extended our deepest gratitude for the services they have rendered.

For the weary warriors now flat-footed from tramping the streets soliciting advertising, without whose prodigious efforts YE FLAME would have died in embryo, praise. These business men and women of tomorrow upheld the temperamental gushes of the editorial staff by bringing in the cold, hard cash. The boys' advertising teams, paced by A. Wilson, G. Walker and T. Moore, included B. Moore, F. Auld, M. Westgate, J. Scott, D. Robb, J. Silverman, Matt Jordan, Bob Lennox. The girls' team, led by Delta Bell, Adelle Day, consisted of V. Campbell, M. McCulloch, J. Robinson, F. Body, B. Luddit, B. Collier, W. White, J. Anderson, S. Yule, E. Black.

We thank our circulation staff which so efficiently has spread the glad tidings through the school. The staff headed by Keith Ansley, Allan Crossley and Don McEwen, has willingly given of their recesses to chase down those elusive Annual orders.

Commandable indeed, was the industry of the dance committees for affording the school pleasure, the Annual funds in the two gala events of February 28th and March 20th. The committees were headed by Art Wilson, Keith Ansley and Alvin Hemstreet.

Mr. Robertson, Mr. MacMurchy, Mr. Fyfe and Mr. Campbell, our Staff Advisors, by their splendid co-operation and useful instruction, not only have guided this Annual to success in another year of economic depression and stringency in the world of business, but also by reason of their vast experience, have helped immeasurably to raise the standard of YE FLAME to a point never before reached in Central's history.

FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES

FRATERNITIES and Sororities are long overdue in Central. Next year the Students' Council at its earliest convenience should fully investigate the possibilities and probability of the formation of such organizations. Fraternities and Sororities as run in the Universities and some of the High Schools of Canada have proven themselves to be the best builders of school spirit yet known.

The Students' Council, perhaps, will have to form and manage the associations for the first year. After that the associations will run themselves, with very few restrictions being placed upon them by their governing body, the Council. The membership will not be thrown open to all and sundry, but rather, only those who have done something worth while in the school will be admitted.

These Associations will become the centre of all social activity in Central, they will enter into sports, dramatics, debating and many other fields and in general, if properly managed, will arouse in each Central student the urge to get out and do things so that he or she may qualify for membership in them.

Fraternities and Sororities will form the basis for the formation of an association of the Alumni. They will cause their members to take away from Central not only the memory of the bleak classroom and the sometimes threatening, awe-inspiring teacher but also the memory of good times had and (worthy) things (of worth) accomplished.

AN ALUMNUS ASSOCIATION

LET IT BE resolved that henceforth the halls of Central swarm with alumni." "Alumni," you ask, "What kind of creatures are they?" A thought—"Oh yes, I probably missed that biology period." An alumnus, my friends, is a graduate of Central. When two alumnus meet they form an alumni which works for their own enjoyment and for the benefit of Central.

The alumnus association has not been an active one in Central. It is true that if you stood on tiptoe to read the inscription on an edifying portrait your eye may chance to catch a card which proclaims it to be donated to Central by the alumni, otherwise you, perhaps, would have been ignorant of the existence of such an association.

But the absence of an active alumni deprives Central of advantages, advantages to the school, the alumni themselves, the students.

When students leave Central they go out into the paths of the world (so the story goes); they become rich; they swell with philanthropy and pride on sight of the "purple and the gold;" they give generously to the school the means for purchasing pictures, books, banners and playgrounds. Central is missing all these things because she has no alumni.

The alumni, too, would derive benefits and recompense for parting with their hard earned shekels. Theirs would be the privilege of reunion within the halls of Central yearly. They could meet and quaff sweet nectar and swap yarns about the moulders of our destinies when the school was young.

The students, the lads yet to graduate, are cheated of enjoyment in the absence of the association. All alumni on in years like to show they can still step the "college drag" and since dancing isn't a game of solitaire the portals would be opened to admit all students. Truly many golden events and good times could be enjoyed by all.

Seriously though, this is an exhortation to all fourth year students to put their noses to the wheel and their shoulders to the grindstone and graduate. Then may they come back en masse and form an alumnus that will perpetuate and whose deeds will eclipse those of the alumnus in contemporary schools.

STUDENTS' PUBLICATION FUND

This year's edition of *YE FLAME* will undoubtedly be produced at a profit. "Ye Flames" from time immemorial have been financial successes. Yet the money made by Central Publications is not used again for publishing purposes. Instead it is consolidated in the Students' Council fund, and the School Paper and Year Book are left each year, yea even each edition, to start anew.

We suggest that this great wrong be righted. We suggest, since the Councillors have at times proven themselves incapable of grasping the financial situation of the paper and Annual and have as a result not granted money when most needed, that all surpluses created by this and succeeding editions of *YE FLAME* be lumped into a Students' Publication Fund to be administered by the heads of Central's publications, and an appointee of the Students' Council.

The benefits of this fund, which, of course, must be well administered, are many. The Annual and the paper would not be forced each year to start from scratch. The assurance of financial support would tend to raise the standard of both our publications. The two publications would be more closely united still and would become even greater forces in school life. The fund would enable the publishing of memorial issues to commemorate certain famous men and events. Lastly, in other large High Schools, publication funds have been established. Those schools are acknowledged to be more progressive and more experienced than we are. Then let the Students' Council establish a Publication Fund without delay.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND THEIR SCARCITY

The dearth of scholarships and bursaries available to students graduating from High Schools throughout Canada and especially in Saskatchewan, is appalling. A thorough perusal of the calendars of almost all of the Canadian Universities fails to discover any scholarships awarded directly by any Government, either Dominion or Provincial. Of course there are some offered by Universities and by private individuals and institutions but they are few and in most cases miserably insufficient.

As some students leave Central their thirst for learning is just being aroused; in others, perhaps, it is thoroughly quenched. However, for those of little means who seek more knowledge, the road to University lies narrow and tortuous, obstructed by many insurmountable barriers, removed only by mere tricks of chance. Those who wish to go to College are willing to work their way through, yet this, in all but a few instances is impossible and they must perforce, depend on someone else or something else, a scholarship or bursary which their scholastic ability has rightfully earned to put them through. The indifference of the Government to their plight astounds those who are being denied the advantage of fitting themselves for the life they most desire to live.

When the unemployment problem became so acute that private individuals could no longer alleviate the sufferings caused by it then the Government stepped in and did what charity could not do. Now, when the charitable and much appreciated efforts of private individuals and institutions have failed, is it not proper that the Government should step in and relieve the mental starvation of the most brilliant of its youth?

A SWIMMING POOL FOR CENTRAL

(Oh, Mr. Aberhardt)

SINCE these venerable halls of learning were nailed together, changes have taken place in aims and methods of education.

Amongst other things which this school lacks in order to accommodate these changes are proper facilities for Physical Education, the foremost amongst these, a swimming pool.

Swimming is a sport which is more refreshing and more invigorating than any other. Because it calls every muscle and sinew into action it soon whips a body into condition resulting in greater health, strength and gracefulness. A properly managed pool, if built in Central, would give an opportunity of learning to swim to those who normally would not get it, would provide excellent recreation for all, and would erase the fear of water (don't take it too literally) that an alarmingly large number of students possess.

Ah, yes, the cost! Do you think that we would bring forth a suggestion of such dignity if it could not be financed? Certainly not. The descent of the disciples of the prophet of the foothills into our province has suggested to us the way this noble aim can be accomplished. The first batch of Social Credit dividends paid to Central students will be confiscated and conscripted to the cause. To pay the small balance the Student Council, having been established as a state credit house by the Government, will print social credit dividends themselves. Think of the possibilities of a State Credit House in Central. Is it any wonder some of the seniors are such ardent supporters of five year plans. We must confess while the 31st and one-seventeenth reason for voting Social Credit is inscribed in the tablets of the Gods that this cannot be accomplished till the minions of the evangel of Alberta are enthroned in the Seats of the Mighty. Until that time our natators will have to practice their flutter kicks in the bath tub.

QUESTIONNAIRE

IF AN ALUMNI society were formed by the graduates of Central this year, one thing of interest that it might do in five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years is to check up on the whereabouts and occupations of the class of '36. The results of a survey of this nature would be the more interesting because the hopes and ambitions of this year's seniors in this connection have been recorded. The results of the questions: "What profession do you wish to follow?" and "What profession will you be able to follow?" were published in the Christmas issue of the "Perroquet" and are herein transcribed so that posterity may sermonize on the lofty ambitions and oftentimes shattered hopes of youth.

"Doctors headed the poll of desires, getting 19 votes; others follow: Nurses, 18; engineers (civil, chemical and mining) 16; teachers, 15; dieticians, 8; lawyers, 8; physical training instructors, 6; hopes are low for commerce, 6; art, 3 while architects, musicians, accountants, dramatists and druggists will leave Central in couplets. Thirteen students are undecided and three have no aspirations to glory; 61.4%

of these voters feel they will be able to follow their picked calling, but the less fortunate feel they must follow in the ranks of teachers, 13; stenographers, 8; nurses, 8; men of commerce, 3. It is interesting to note that five out of the nineteen doctors to be will be girls."

"Followers of sundry and divers followings drift around Central in a daze. Would you have imagined we had a terpsichorean dancer in our midst, or an electro-chemist, or a militarist, or an horticulturist, or an economist? Only one aspires to be a secretary, only one to be a machinist, only one to be a dentist. Strange to say the civil service is represented by a social worker, a policeman and a fireman."

The passage of the years will bring the verification of these answers. In any case let us hope that the final response to the call of "What will I do?" will not be of a kind to bring disillusionment and despair to the questioned one.

SCHOOL TRIP TO EUROPE

This summer the Overseas Educational League sponsors the second annual visit of secondary school students to Great Britain. Last year ninety secondary school students visited Great Britain for the two summer months and included in their itinerary the Empire Holiday School of English at Eastbourne, inaugurated by the late Mr. Rudyard Kipling. This year the programme will be devoted entirely to secondary school girls who will leave Montreal on July 3rd to spend fifty-three days visiting the most interesting and important points in England and Scotland, including the Empire Holiday School of English.

The students will arrive at Glasgow and proceed from there to Edinburgh. Other points where the students will visit are Stratford-upon-Avon, where they will attend two performances at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Then, on by way of Oxford, to London where ten days will be spent visiting places of literary and historic interest under experienced guide-lecturers. Visits will be made from London to Windsor, Eton, Kew Gardens and other well known places. The group will then proceed to Eastbourne, visiting en route Canterbury and Rye. At Eastbourne the Canadian girls will be joined by girls from the Scandinavian countries, from France, Germany, Italy and the United States as well as girls from the British schools and from other parts of the Empire. Mr. Ernest Raymond, an author of note, will direct a series of informal talks on English Literature.

During their travels the girls will often be accommodated in private homes and at girls' schools where they will have an excellent opportunity to learn about the country of which they have heard so much. Transportation will be by special train or by motor coach and throughout the visit the Group will travel under very privileged conditions. It can easily be seen how such a trip will widen the knowledge and sympathies of the youth of Canada and it is hoped that this year's visit will set a high standard to be lived up to in future years.

ART IN CENTRAL

THREE is no national Art Gallery in Regina. If great paintings are to be enjoyed they must be purchased by the individual who scorns the common and multitudinous reproductions. For an individual to do this is costly; for a corporation a light imposition on the pocket-book.

Without possessing a true appreciation of great paintings one can hardly claim to be fully educated. Few students can afford trips to the Louvre, Paris. It would then seem that centres of education would endeavour to amass an art collection to place at the disposal of their students.

This assumption is so. Central possesses many valuable, beautiful paintings which have been contributed from year to year by the Elgar Club and Dramatic Clubs. The Students' Council promises to co-operate in such donations to the school so that art is well sponsored.

The drawback is, however, that before a small gallery can be started the cold bleak walls of this institution must be embellished and the requirements of such adornment are usually that of pictures. Before an art collection may start, the walls must be decorated. Could they not be enlivened with tapestry and thus save the notable works from the oblivion of the engulfing grey walls?

The true value of a picture can not be determined as it hangs high above. Thus an art gallery is a prerequisite to appreciation. The pictures of Central colour the walls in the auditorium; they fit into empty wall space in the library; they hang in the more conspicuous positions in the corridors. Their true value, however, remains undetected by all with average perspicacity. The lighting is poor, the pictures are enshrouded in such deep gloom or so placed as to cause a bright reflection on their glass covers, that one forsakes their beauty in avoiding eyestrain. Few students realize there are several paintings in Central worth over two thousand dollars.

Studying a picture, its balance tends to lend balance to its peruser, its contrast so vividly outlined causes him to be "a hero in the strife," his attempted interpretation lends him initiative. The possession of a private gallery would permit art students to revel in the environment of their ambitions.

Art in Central is off to a good start. If the various organizations, the Students' Council and the Alumni continue to make in the future such welcome contributions, Central will boast an art collection unchallenged in merit by any secondary school in the Dominion.

ARCHIVES FOR CENTRAL

THE SCHOOLS of the Old Land are founded on tradition; they exude tradition; they live on tradition; they are tradition itself.

And no wonder. Many were founded before Columbus discovered America, others earlier, others later.

Tradition in the schools of Western Canada is an unheard of thing. Precepts are established only to be broken. The new schools are founded on novelty and they subsist on novelty.

Central does likewise today. It is impossible to prognosticate as to her action fifty years hence but when the plaster begins to fall and the roof leaks like a sieve it is safe to say the old school will have

a cherished tradition—scores of unwritten accepted doctrines, rites and customs handed down by word of mouth.

The school is new and the new does not entrust annals to memory but to paper. Archives are at home in any age and the amassing of such records lays the foundation for mossy tradition. Archives have, however, a more important role to play in a school than the founding of tradition. Theirs is the task to glorify the unknown student who has done his duty silently and steadily without the blaze of glory background. Defined more narrowly, archives are the written statements and facts of school life, stating facts and playing no favours, to be handed down to the students of posterity.

Believing that each bony breast hides a flame fed by pride in accomplishment, the archives will be more than a "Central Student chronicle." They will serve as an incentive to the slaggard. One must perform duties and hard tasks to merit space in the archives and lest one slips through school and is soon forgotten, one will do and die for good old Central. Archives will give experience to the recorders, incentive to the students, glory to the school.

The new constitution of the Students' Council has incorporated the clause "that archives be started." To this beginning we may ascribe all the ends of tradition.

RE: SPECIALIZATION

SPECIALIZATION is a sure sign of civilization. The higher the degree of specialization the higher the plane of civilization.

There is, however, a limit to all things. The industrial revolution while it squared the specialization in industry, cubed the human suffering and misery. Specialization has its drawbacks.

Complaints, founded on lack of specialization in the curriculum, are to be heard especially in fourth year. Many grumble that they must imbibe the fundamentals of mathematics and cram scientific formulæ, when their only interest is in languages. They bemoan the fact that they are not free to pursue to the ultimate end the subject of their heart's desire. Dreams are dreamed wherein they see themselves controllers of the educational system and gloat over the ingenuity of their airy reforms, which when viewed through the eyes of experience have numerous foibles and errors.

The claim that schools are producing Jacks-of-all-trades-and-masters-of-none is false. The curriculum with eight compulsory subjects is a guarantee against the finished product being an educated idiot. Such a curriculum stimulates divers and sundry interests; it is inducive to a general and cosmopolitan knowledge of the events of the world; and conducive to concentration, versatility and skill. It saves the ranks of the profession from being soured by the "lemons" of super-specialization.

Just as the general practitioner is the backbone of the medical profession so is the general student the engineer of higher knowledge. The student who shuts his eyes to his aversions and dwells only on his pet obsessions cannot help but lack virtues, which perpetuates his obscurity. He who opens his eyes to all and shuts his ears to none attains more true useful knowledge and will be better fitted to tell the world of his presence.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR

John Buchan, one of the most distinguished writers of our time, now lives with us. When this celebrated, many talented man of letters was again honored by being named Governor General of our Dominion, among those who knew him a murmur rose, saying, "A reward well-earned." Those less fortunate, who until this year had read him little or not at all and who now for the first time were seriously studying his works, were proud to learn that such a masterful story-teller, biographer, and poet had been chosen as His Majesty's representative in Canada.

Usually it is for those who are commanding figures in the field of Literature to have lived little in the world. Not so with Buchan. He graduated from Glasgow University and Brasenose College, Oxford, to a barrister's office. Towards the close of the Boer War he went to South Africa, the locale of many of his novels, later returning to England to become the assistant editor of a prominent review. He was a partner in the publishing house of T. A. Nelson and Son, and at the outbreak of the War enlisted in the Intelligence Department, finally rising to rank of Colonel. After the Armistice he severed his connection with Nelson's and for years amazed the world by the number of books he turned out annually, publishing many of the best sellers of that era. He has been a member of Parliament, the Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, and now in his sixty-first year he is our Governor General.

His coming, it is hoped by students of Canadian literature, will give impetus to the awakening among Canadians that there have been and are capable Canadian writers, who have not yet been fully appreciated by those of whom they wrote. Most certainly his arrival has already aroused a greater enthusiasm in Canadians for drama. He, himself, hopes that while he is in Canada, a greater Canadiana will be built and more especially, that the wonderful Canadiana already established will be given the attention and respect that its worth deserves.

OUR MOTTO

"Alite Flammam," written in silver letters on the purple and the gold, is a motto worthy of the best that's in us.

Co-operation, cheerfulness and hard work mark the story of the success of those in the past. It is for us to live up to their standards and "keep the old flag flying." It may not be an easy task but remember there is no royal road to success or anything else.

As we enter Central we take upon us the duty of preserving and attempting to better the records of the school. When we leave, our work should prove that we attempted as best we could to live up to the motto.

What the students of tomorrow will think or do, we cannot say, but we do know that if we play our part to the best of our ability and try to lift a brighter Torch to cheer tomorrow's dawn, then we can step from this stage proudly, having fulfilled our task.

Let us be: "One equal temper of heroic hearts made weak by time and fate, but strong in will!"

FOREWORD

"Ye Flame" is again making its appearance before the school world and the general public. Much thought and not a little work has gone into its production. Its preparation has become one of the major activities of the school of the spring term. It has been published with success annually, notwithstanding the depression, improving, we hope, with the years. It involves the expenditure of considerable money which the business committee has always been able to raise. Not only is it an undertaking in which many gain experience in matters of business practice, but it is also a project of marked educational value requiring the co-operative effort on the part of all. Some prefer to solicit advertising, others to write, still others to gather material,

arrange and edit it. Whatever the nature of the effort it takes the work and collaboration of each and everyone to ensure the success of the magazine. The students are to be commended on their journalistic efforts and our thanks and congratulations go to the committees of students and teachers for the 1936 issue of "Ye Flame." We recommend it as a bright, entertaining magazine to be read time and again when you wish, in thought, to revisit Central and think over again your school days with the friends you made there.



W. G. SCRIMGEOUR, M.A.

skating, basketball and tennis have received the encouragement of the staff and the support of the student body. Our aim in these sports has never been to turn out winning teams, but rather to give each girl and boy an opportunity to play and to give encouragement where it is needed. "Mens sana in corpore sano," is still a worthwhile motto.

In bringing this foreword to a close I again, as principal, wish our graduating students happiness and success in their future years.

—W. G. SCRIMGEOUR.



F.E. HOWARD



The STAFF



THE PILLARS OF WISDOM

STAFF NAMES

Mr. Scrimgeour—The Warder.

Mr. Campbell—Escape Me Never. *J E Campbell*

Mr. Myatt—Professional Soldier.

Mr. Doxsee—Daddy Longlegs.

Mr. Hunt—Bring 'Em Back Alive.

Mr. Allan—Around the World in Eighty Days. *H. Mallon*

Mr. Williams—Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Miss McMillan—V. Katherine the Great.

Mr. F. Howard—Our Mutual Friend.

Mr. Robertson—Break of Hearts.

Miss Leech—Sense and Sensibility.

Mr. McKenzie—Babes in the Wood.

Miss Tingley—Dark Angel.

Mr. McEachern—Don Quixote.

Mr. Oliver—The Way of All Flesh.

Mr. Chapman—The Quest of the Absolute.

Miss Wheatley—The Care and Feeding of Adults.

Mr. Griffin—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Mr. Cooper—The Iron Duke. *J. Cooper*

Mr. Clark—The Ironmaster.

Mr. W. Haward—Don Juan.

Mr. Lingard—I Dream Too Much.

Miss Coxall—**Miss Canham**—Accent on Youth.

Miss Murray—Ah, Wilderness.

Mrs. Sampson—Dearie.

Mr. Staples—Music is Magic. *J. Staples*

Mr. McMurchy—Captain Blood.

Mr. Fyfe—Show Them No Mercy.

Miss Creighton—Chatterbox.

Miss Dorsey—La Petite Chose à l' École.

Mr. Greenough—Little Man What Now.

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BUICK"
"PONTIAC"



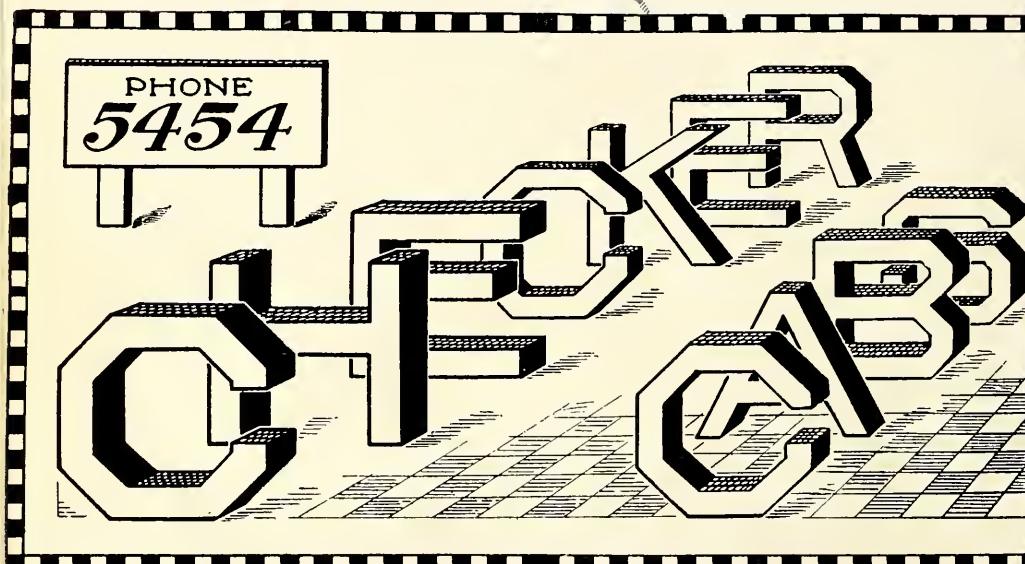
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Peg Lam.
S.S. Custer
H. P. D.

W. W. Womack.

Karma Scram

Bud F. Friend

GREAT EXPECTATIONS
Puss Pawson (d-p)

LITERARY

POEMS

- Clairvoyant—Ross B. Knowles, 4D.
April—Mickey Bole, 4B.
Lovely Lily—Robert Mitchell, 4C.
Meditation—John Green, 4A.
To the Future—Muriel R. Perry, 4C.
The Chalice—Marianne MacDonald, 3F.
The Northern Lights—Marianne MacDonald, 3F.
Hack-Writer—G. Withrow, 4B.
My Teacher—M.M.B., 4F.

SHORT STORIES

- Nil Desperandum—John Green, 4A.
Romance? Maybe—Esther Milner, 4A.
The Interloper—Jean Thomson, 4B.



FIRST PRIZE POEM

MILDRED BOLE

APRIL

April has been kind to me, the inconsistent jade,
Think you it is a recompense for all the pranks she played?
She blew my hat across the park, and tossed my curls awry,
And then to top it off, she threw a cinder in my eye!
She rained upon my newest frock, and chased me down the street,
And placed a puddle there to trap my poor unwary feet;
She laughed until her eyes were wet, and yet I didn't care,
For do you know, she granted me an April love-affair!

PRIZE WINNING STORY BY JOHN GREEN

NIL DESPERANDUM

As the train drew into Menston Junction, a figure, which had been slouched in a corner of one of the compartments, rose.

"We change trains here," she said. Her companion, seated opposite, also rose, and, at the same time, threw a furtive glance at an old lady, the only other occupant of the compartment, who was gazing abstractedly through the far window. This second young woman nodded to the speaker, and when the two left the train, a small brown paper parcel lay in the shadows of a corner seat which had been previously occupied by one of them. Kate and Jane, as we shall call them for convenience, were suddenly halted in their stroll across the platform by a shrill, "Hey there!" They turned, and there, approaching them, was the same fat old lady who had been their travelling companion. She was panting as loudly and as earnestly as the locomotive on the tracks, and in her hand was a small article. She held this out, saying, "You left this on the train." Kate looked questioningly at Jane. The latter appeared to be angry. She snatched the object in a very rude manner from the old soul, and with her companion, stamped away toward a waiting train.

As H o o k e y Tunnel was being repaired, the excursion from Menston to Leeds had to slow almost to a stop as it passed through. Taking advantage of the slackened pace of the train, and the darkness, and having made certain that none of the other passengers could see what she was about, a woman slowly opened a compartment window, and threw something out. Two sighs of relief whispered through the underground air. A moment later, however, there was a swish and one of the sighers was struck in the lap with a small object. The voice of a workman came from below.

"Better watch what's doin' up there, or thou'll be losin' summat fer good some o' these days."



Half an hour later, the train pulled into Leeds. Now, dirty though this metropolis may be with the grime of industry, nevertheless, nobody ever litters the streets with bits of paper without incurring the wrath of the city fathers. Kate and Jane knew this, and conducted themselves accordingly. Nobody, whatever his station in life, ever goes to Leeds on Saturdays without paying a visit to the market, where he can always get a bargain in fish, fruit, crockery or nightgowns. So, according to convention, our friends wandered into this bustling section of the town. They stopped before one of the stalls, and Jane bought a pennyworth of gumdrops. While the proprietor was busily occupied in wrapping up the purchase, she hastily dropped a small brown paper parcel into a barrel for apples. The girls hurried away, but had scarcely gone a dozen yards when the hawker was at their heels. "You dropped this, mum," he said, holding out the article. Jane grew red. Kate turned white. They exchanged glances, in each of which, the other read the same question, "Shall we lay the good, honest gentleman on his back in the gutter?"

Thinking better of the matter, however, Kate snatched the parcel from the gaping vendor, and the two girls stormed away in the direction of Lyons' Tea Shop for a cup of that beverage which alone can soothe the nerves. As they were about the enter, they were amazed to find themselves staring into the massive, blue costumed bulwark of a policeman. At the same instant, the air was split with a shrieking, "That's them, sir. That's them," as a plump old lady with red face and perspiring brow waddled into view. She was now panting like a dozen locomotives, and her voice trembled with excitement.

"Well, mum, what's the matter?" asked the guardian of the law.

"You know," he continued, "I can do nothing until you have laid a charge."

"What's the matter?" cried the good woman, "What's the matter? I'll tell you what's the matter." Thereupon, she gave a very accurate account of everything that had happened that afternoon. The strange behaviour of the young women when they were in Menston station had made her suspicious. She had followed them, and watched their every move. She had seen them try to get rid of a small parcel at least three times. Her theory was that these two wenches had stolen something. From the peculiar odour of the article which she had noticed when it was in her possession, she thought that the parcel must contain some drug. She believed further that, after stealing it they had discovered that they could not sell it without being caught, and had, therefore, tried to plant it on some innocent person.

The policeman turned his grave countenance upon the accused. To his annoyance, they were both doubled up with hysterical laughter. Despite his threats, despite his pleading, it was fully ten minutes before Jane recovered enough to explain. It was a custom with the employees of a certain factory in a certain little town to take advantage of week-end excursions to Leeds. As the Leeds train left at two o'clock, and as the factory did not close until half past one, it was necessary for the workers to don as many of their holiday togs as possible at the factory and to finish their toilet aboard the train.

Upon this afternoon, she and Kate had been compelled to change their stockings on the train. The floors of the factory contained many pipes. Stockings, worn on feet which had walked these floors for many hours, became unpleasant company. They had therefore done their best to part with their footwear, ruined in this manner. When Jane had finished, the guardian of the peace turned with great dignity, and swung away down the street. The old lady stood, stupefied, with her nose tilted toward the sun and with her mouth wide. The girls went inside the cafe. When they again emerged, the unwanted parcel lay under one of the tea tables. As they crossed the threshold, the voice of an irate patron reached their ears,

"I say, waitress, I ordered Kraft Cheese, not Limberger."

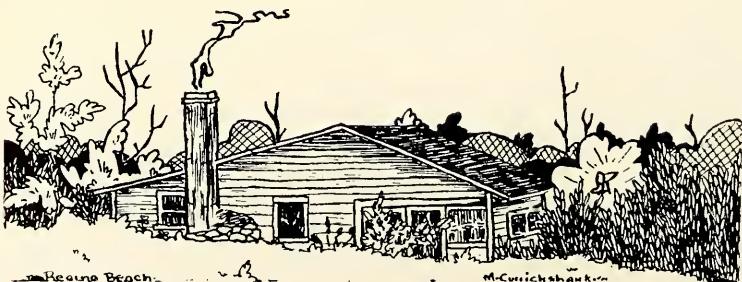
TO THE GENTLEMEN

When one sees a member of the female sex rising to propose to the males, one knows, without doubt, that it is Leap Year.

As we, the femininity, survey the school, we notice that the boys out-number the girls. Although we admit that in numbers lies strength, this fact itself tends to put the ladies in a defensive state of mind, and while in this mood, we would like to avail ourselves of this opportunity to briefly touch on something that has bothered us very much. We appreciate Rudyard Kipling and his works, but he had to spoil it all by his famous words—"A rag, a bone and a hank of hair," referring, painful thought, to a woman. One woman retaliated thus: "Man—a gag, a groan and a tank of air." We would compare them to a lamp—"They are not especially brilliant, they are often turned down, they generally smoke, and frequently go out at night."

However, a proposal should be complimentary and in this case we wish, to be brief, to please the gentlemen, although we girls are usually credited with talking much and saying little.

And so to the boys of Central Collegiate may we express our sincere thoughts with regard to your future. You have proven yourselves sports in the truest sense of the word. When you leave the school may your highest ideals and greatest ambitions be realized. We all join in the hope that, not only will prosperity and happiness be yours but that your lives will be lives of usefulness and service to your country and your friends.



TWO POEMS » » »

BY MARIANNE
MACDONALD

THE CHALICE

The Chalice of Youth is o'er flowing
With the red wine of spirit and love,
That sparkles with joy and youth's questing
And mirth that's a gift from above.

So take it and drink of it deeply
This Chalice of crystal so pure,
Do not scornfully sip of it lightly
And lose all its golden allure.

Tho' the platter it rests on be silver
Or metal or baser alloy,
Tho' the Chalice be shadowed by sadness
Or brightened by radiant joy.

Still the wine in that Chalice is sparkling
Undimmed by want or wealth,
It brightens the darkest of futures
It sparkles with hope and with health.

So drink of it deeply and gladly,
It will lead you, on pathways more broad,
To Success, in the dawn of tomorrow,
For that Chalice was given by God!

BY CANDLELIGHT

In the silvery dusk of a twilight grey
As I watch the ghostly shadows sway,
I sit and muse the hours away
By candlelight.

And as the night wind stirs the trees
My fancy weaves, in that magic breeze,
A silver web of memories,
By candlelight.

And so, till starlight fades away
Into the dawn of another day,
I sit and dream and hope and pray
By candlelight.

REFORM IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

This subject has such a scope that it would require a book to set forth all the existing imperfections. Reform is needed not only throughout the Dominion, but also throughout each individual province.

When we, the present High School pupils, entered public school, we heard the older students voicing various complaints, mainly about examinations and their management. But all this was to be altered long before we reached High School; indeed, change was certain and soon. However, each year passed with the rumoured change still in the near future. And we are still labouring under this system today; a system which, in a rapidly advancing country has failed to advance proportionately. What have we in our Dominion today? Not a centralized organization, but many independent systems, sundry and divers. What can be said for a system where a student cannot move from one province to another and fit himself into the order existing in that province? A move from one section of our Dominion to another means not only the loss of money, time, and energy a student has spent, but also so much confusion that it is most difficult for him to continue his education. In an age of unemployment and rise of entrance qualifications, it seems only logical that a centralized system be put into practice throughout the Dominion, to fit young people for positions in every part of the country, instead of one locality.

Today, more than ever, intelligent citizens are needed to cope with the problems facing the nation. It is the young people now in colleges and High Schools who will be expected to carry the work on. But how a united intelligent citizenry can result from a disorganized, dull educational system, is hard to understand.

As for conditions in Saskatchewan: The main pillar of our system seems to be the annual examinations. This method is being replaced in some provinces, because of its several weaknesses. When the unjustice of this system crushes the spirit of the better student, one can only imagine its effects on the poorer student who is more easily discouraged. It is surprising that any survived at all.

Under our present system we are given one, two or three hours to recall, and present in an orderly manner, material from all parts of our course. Time is not allowed for thought or initiative; indeed, we are lucky if we can complete the paper. When a pupil leaves an examination room possessing knowledge he has not been given time to write down, does his paper represent his year's work and his real standing?

Our system is a game of chance; one who crams the week before the examinations may strike on the paper the very question he has been studying, and stands as many chances for a good mark as his friend who has worked conscientiously the entire year. It would be possible to pass well in one examination, and yet fail in another covering the same course.

This problem is at least worth the consideration of the government. We would advocate supervision of education by a Dominion

Board composed of the leading educationalists of each province. This would not only eliminate local differences, but also standardize the prices of text books. In place of examinations would be tests at shorter intervals, possibly weekly, for the purpose of keeping each student up to a certain required standard the entire year. There would be, in this method, no rise or fall in one last month, but instead a student's standing would be ascertained by means of his year's work. In the matter of courses, we should like to see the study of contemporary writers, problems, countries, and governments. We have uniformity and co-operation in other branches, why not in education?

—BETTY CARNIE.

Ye Poem
THE HACK-WRITER

A poet's a guy
With a wide staring eye
Who belches and wheezes
Then writes about breezes
Or heroes so bold that get down
On their kneezees
To heroines sweet that
Appreciate squeezes
While birds sing in treezes
And buzzes the beezees.

He sings of the love of Elizabeth Barret
As he writes in the wintertime up in a garret
He writes all that's bright, all that's fresh, all that pleases
While he coughs and he sniffles and snuffles and sneezes.

A sculptor and poet both hack to make good
One hacks out of granite
The other of wood.

G. WITHROW.



ROMANCE? MAYBE

I am a very matter-of-fact sort of person. I am quite convinced that nothing unusual by way of romance has ever happened to me nor ever will—in spite of a series of events that seemed to disprove my belief for a time:

Bill was (and is) my steady boy-friend—one of those people that are called reliable—and to me, a duller person has never existed. In short, he was **too** steady and reliable. I could depend on him at any time. (A hint to boys, keep 'er guessing). He was a good reason for my holding so firmly to my belief that nothing thrilling would ever come my way.

It was one of those treacherous March days we had this year. I was supposedly going to school—and I say “supposedly” rightly. I slipped back two steps for every three I took forward—and a typical March wind was pushing pedestrians about, when whoosh!—it suddenly blew me around a corner into the arms of Romance (with a capital R, please notice) in the shape of a tall, dark and handsome young male. He gently removed me from his embrace, and smiled a heart-stopping smile. (Ooh, was I thu-rilled!) He murmured something resembling apologies, and I stuttered “thank you” and continued on my way to school in a blue haze. Bill was especially intolerable that day.

Next morning, the wind wasn't blowing—but we met nevertheless near that same corner—and he tipped his hat to me. Bill began to get impatient that afternoon—I was going around with an absolutely stricken expression on my face.

To make a long story short—we saw each other every day after that. Not being especially shy, I soon had him speaking to me, and at length we began to have small conversations at “our” corner. Not even Mr. Campbell's remarks on my coming late so often could damp my spirits. So I found out that that tall-dark-'n-handsome's name was Bob and that he went to Tech.

About the beginning of April we were firm friends, and I had made up my mind to arrange things so that we'd see more of each other than just at that street corner—I was allowing Bill to take me out, as a filler-in until that time should arrive.

One morning at 8.30—twenty-five minutes earlier than my usual time, I was hurrying to school to fill in some detention, and just as I rounded the fateful corner I saw something that combined with the wind to take my breath away. There was Bob, the light o' my life, walking along slowly with a small clinging blonde on his arm, and she looked as though she were quite accustomed to that arm and to that position. I turned tail and fled to school by another route, completely crushed.

After going around muttering to myself for a few days, I finally got over it, and Bill nearly fell through the floor one day when I actually smiled at him.

Life is as dull as it ever was, now. Can you blame me for my so-firm belief that no Big Romance **could** ever happen to me?

—E. MILNER.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This story is strictly a figment of the imagination.

WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

The other morning a frightened sparrow flew in my bedroom window, and after several unsuccessful attempts to imitate his flighty progress around the room, I caught the little beggar and freed him. "Caught and freed," I thought, "how like the sentiment framed by our illustrious institutions of learning. I myself have been 'caught' in the meshes of routine, of discipline, of home work, while, outside the bare schoolroom walls, the sun shone invitingly on cool green lawns and shady trees (or intriguing expanse of snow and ice, whichever you prefer). Or perhaps I have been cramming for the inevitable exams to the tune of mirth and revelry next door."

Why do I do it? Well, I'll tell you, my friend. There are certain elementary laws of life, that it seems no one can escape. There is, for instance, the inescapable fact that one must work for all that is worthwhile. This law has a strange boomerang attached to it, for one who has, by hook or by crook, evaded its demands finds that his success is not worth the having.

You and I have been "caught" in Central to be "freed" from ignorance, from failure and from unhappiness. Our motto, then, "Alite Flammam," stands for knowledge, success, and peace of mind.

—MURIEL R. PERRY.

CLAIRVOYANT

To you who idly while away the day,
Procrastinating to avoid the strife,
O'er whom the Goddess Leisure holds her sway,
Obliteration is your lot in life.

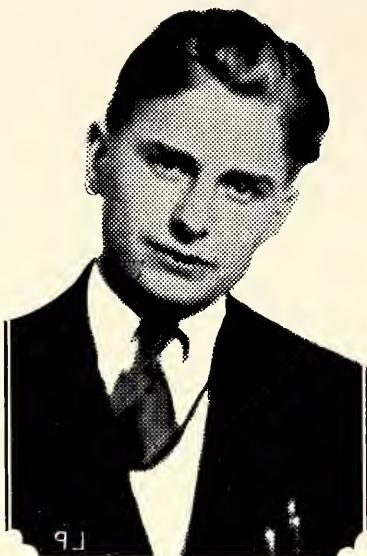
And as for you, with brilliance like the dawn,
Who need not work nor strive to knowledge gain,
Beware your "easy come" is "easy gone,"
You, too, may join that soon forgotten train.

But you who work for everything you learn,
To you belongs the victory of the day,
Success will crown your venture, you will earn
The crown of fame till earth has passed away.

R. B. KNOWLES.



LETTERS FROM ABROAD



EDWARD ZYLA

North America. It is hard to describe the meals as they actually are but I can tell you when I eat. I breakfast at 10.30 a.m., dine between 2 and 4 p.m., lunch, 5 p.m., and sup at 7 p.m. On the whole I consider our diet in Canada healthier because it is more balanced. Here they always seem to have too much of one thing. Starches prevail to a very great extent."

"I see many fine plays. Two weeks ago I saw a Shakespearian play, 'The Twelfth Night' or 'What have you'—it was excellent, as was Bernard Shaw's play 'The Soldier and the Hero.' Also I see many enjoyable Polish plays. The picture shows are 80% American; 10% German, English and French; and 10% Polish. Lately I have seen 'Captain Blood,' 'West Point of the Air,' 'The Merry Widow' and others. I go to the opera twice a month, the theatre once a week and a picture show as often as I wish. Despite this I have enjoyed perfect health."

"There are really so many things that one could write about that I don't know where to begin. I feel I could write a book entirely about Warsaw. The city has some twenty famous museums of which I have seen three to date. There are multitudes of enormous cathedrals and churches which really strike one with awe at the first glimpse of the interior. There is a so-called 'old town' which consists of the original picturesque structures of the 14th Century—narrow streets, fancy elaborate gates and doorways. All are interesting to a newcomer. Then, of course, there is new Warsaw with the largest and finest filtrations on the continent, an excellent network of street cars and electric trains.

Edward Zyla, a Central student, is abroad, studying in the University of Warsaw, Poland. His absence has been punctuated by a series of most interesting letters concerning his experiences.

The following are excerpts taken at random:

"The students' home in which I am quartered is well-equipped with all modern efficiency. It includes a large swimming pool, a gymnasium, a library, a store, a dining hall (but I don't eat here), radios and two kitchens, with gas stoves, on each of the nine floors for those students who wish to make their own meals."

"The Polish pastry is excellent. It rates among the best on the continent. I am positive the like cannot be tasted in

"But I have only fair impressions of the city. The streets in some parts of the town do not appeal to me and the slums are disgusting. One still sees horse-drawn carriages which at first are interesting but are a sign of the yet backward state of the city. Don't misunderstand me—of course there are automobiles—many finer than one sees in Regina. But still there is something ominous about the city that just doesn't appeal to me. Of course, different people have different tastes."

"I have been to an army review and I really wish you had been here to see it. It was magnificent—60,000 soldiers took part—you could have seen everything, tanks, artillery, cavalry, infantry, pursuit planes, bombers and what not. In fact, it even eclipsed the July Riot."

TO THE FUTURE

This morn the dawn, resplendent with a flame
Of orange and red and gold, awaked my soul
To visions of a high and mighty goal,
Almost beyond the reach of human aim.

Success refused the prestige of her name:
Tonight the storm-clouds formed a blackened scroll
Rolling up the heaven's mirrored bowl,
And Thor denounced my hopes with loud acclaim.

Another dawn crowds fast upon the first,
For sleep hath bridged the intervening space.
The smiling sky seems washed with tears of stars,
That in response my soul revives, athirst
New worlds to conquer: Youth of every race
Embarks with flying sails and creaking spars!

MURIEL R. PERRY.

LOVELY LILY

The lovely lily lightly laid
Her head upon the dew
And saw the sparkling colors fade
From white to darker hue.

As downward drooping dropped the flower
In reverence bowed the stem
Its life had come to that sad hour
When all so pass as men.

No sleeping seedlets safely spread
Though service now is through
The sunbeams it had always led
To earth, from out the blue.

ROBERT M. MITCHELL.

SCHOOL CLUBS

THE CLUBS died. They were removed and interred in the earths of Yesterday and the Used-to-be. Charges of slander with an intent to kill were brought against the perpetrators of the ghastly finality in the tribunal of the Students' Council. The verdict—"not guilty"—returned by the judges who for the most part were unaware of the significance and meaning of the word clubs. The case is forgotten but not closed.

As counsel for the defence I ask, "Why have the clubs been crushed? Did they not do some good? Would they not continue to serve a definite useful end?"

My exordium concluded, I proceed with the statement and facts.

"Why have the clubs been crushed?" One must conjecture. It would seem that an objection from some source arose. The complaint reached the ear of authority; authority exercised its prerogative to "remedy the ill." Where would such an objection arise? From the Students? If so, the Students' Council had no word of it. It is evident the grumble arose amongst those close to authority and whose complaints authority could not disregard. For this action the students suffer.

"Did they not do some good?" They did. They allowed those interested in certain fields of study to pursue and specialize in them. This, while without the curriculum, strengthened the work in those subjects within it. The studious were satisfied with music and dramatic clubs which nurtured the spark of genius if such existed. Such clubs, enrolling people interested in one subject, cannot help but be constructive, cannot but build initiative and keen altruism, cannot but cast out selfishness and egotism. Besides these organizations parade the talent, capabilities and accomplishments of the school. Viewed in this light there seem to be redeemable qualities in such enterprizes.

"Would not the clubs continue to serve a definite useful end?" Most certainly! The record of their past speaks for itself.

The peroration has been reached.

Resurrection of the dead and buried past, is possible. So let us revive the clubs. The idea that materialized to serve so well in Central for so many years is very much alive even though buried. It is waiting below the surface for some faithful diggers to reach, nourish, and restore to its full status of three years back. Let each member of the school dig. Co-operation of miners from many mines restored Dr. Robertson and Mr. Scadding; co-operation of students of every grade will restore clubs in Central. Then History, Literature, Debating, Public Speaking, Dramatic, Music and Art Clubs will flourish to relieve the tedium in the school life of the third and fourth year students.

The Defense rests.

MEDITATION

(Parody on Milton)

When I remember how my time was spent,
In those short years, so sweet to youth,—collegiate days,—
And the gift which might enhance old Central's praise
Lodged with me useless for my soul more bent
To watch with cynic smile the vain attempt
Of others not so suited to the task
That field or book presents, with shame, I ask,
“What good derived or done by years so spent?”

With voice and pen, I often cried in pain,
“My school's a stagnant fen—”, the stillest pool,
Myself; school spirit is the breath of life.
Who it possess in life do most attain.
Whatever crop is sown and hoed in school,
Our nation reaps as tranquil peace or strife.

—JOHN GREEN.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

White lightnings, flashing from the frozen north,
Above great fields of ice they glow,
Reflected in the glittering waste of snow
They vanish, but again they glimmer forth.

Aurora Borealis is the name
Men give these liquid silver lights
That flash upon these mystic nights
And light the brooding north with their white flame.

I felt a fascination, dim yet strong,
To be upon those weird white fields,
My being to their magic yields
Tho' brief their glories throng.

—MARIANNE MACDONALD.





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VALEDICTORY

We after four years lift our noses from the grindstone and cast our optics upwards. But the vision is not a pleasant one. The sight is that of thousands of youth who have graduated as we are now doing with high hopes, their ambitions crushed, their talents wasted, not fitting immediately into the tumbling structures of our distressed world, serving neither themselves nor their country in any useful manner, chased continually by those two monstrosities—unemployment and limited opportunity.

Leaving Central is for us, as has been said in thousands of Valedictories before, "The end of a great experience." It has been an experience all right, a comparatively happy one and let us hope that its memory recalled to us perhaps by a glance through the pages of our year book will help us to tread our path in life which we feel sure will not be strewn with roses.

May our ambitions not be soured by the germ of inactivity. There is a consolation. We have as yet lived nobly and if defeat be ours may the heroic struggle against relentless fate be to our credit.

WESTWARD HO!



K. ROBERTSON



J. WILLIAMS



D. BELL



N. PAULOFF



H. SHANNON



G. WADE



E. MILNER

J. KAY

A. HUGGETT

H. BARBER

M. FULLERTON

M. MCKILLOP

M. CHARD

P. MOSCOVITCH

D. KENNEDY

A. ABRAM

E. CAMERON

H. HYMAN

H. GESTON

J. NEWBY

S. GITTERMANN

K. ROBERTSON

H. MC GONIGAL

H. MCGONIGAL

H. HYMAN

K. GUNN

M. McCULLOCH

D. KENNEDY

A. ABRAM

J. WILLIAMS

V. CAMPBELL

J. GREEN

E. CAMERON

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E. SPARKS

H. GESTON

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H. MCGONIGAL

H. HYMAN

H. BARBER

E. MILNER

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H. HYMAN

H. BARBER

J. KAY

UTOPIA

In these days of stress and prodigious effort for the salvation of all that makes life dignified and noble, the step from school life into the outside world is fraught with greater significance than ever before. You who are leaving us today have, I hope, the mind, the heart and the spirit sufficiently alive and courageous to enable you to use your newly-born freedom for the attainment of the highest ends.

From now on, for most of you, your only teachers will be books, those perfect tutors who are never too busy to give you advice, nor ever impatient of your shortcomings. They will rejoice with you when you are glad and comfort you when you are sorrowful. Through their friendship you can enter a world which never grows old, which you can travel at will without fear or expense; through their friendship you can enrich your own meagre experience, and is not eagerness for experience the eternal Spirit of Youth? Christopher Marlowe expressed this Spirit of Youth over three hundred years ago:

“Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet’s course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest.”

To help satisfy this restless quest there is no truer guide than literature, the literature of the past and present. If you say,

“Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I’ll drown my book.”

then the vision you have gained at school will surely and quickly fade; instead may you say with Prospero that you have furnished yourselves with volumes that you prize about your dukedom, whatever that “dukedom” may be. So having started you, we trust, with your faces turned in the right direction, we leave you to the tutelage of the greatest spirits the world has known.

That these are serious words is evidence of my confidence in your intelligence and your moral sinew. I offer each of you my sincerest congratulations. I wish you the best of health, serenity of spirit in this troubled world, and God-speed on the paths of Wisdom and Happiness.

V. K. MACMILLAN.

“If 4A is Utopia,” cried we all unanimously, “give us More!”

“. . . In Utopia every child is educated, and ignorance banished.” . . . Preface to More’s “Utopia.”

4A’S AGE OF PLENTY:

“We have within our folds scholars bright, writers, poets, orators with boundless sway (when intoxicated with the exuberance of their verbosity), dramatists, singers, wits superb, sportsmen and musicians and scientists galore.” — From the pages of Aaron’s Diary.

As duly befits an Utopia we shall be all-inclusive and give priority to none, 4A being crammed with notables:

Abram, Allan: Being somewhat restless sitting in solitary splendor at the head of the class, seeing as it didn't coincide with his standing, he sat behind B. Collier—now she's restless. Blame her? He's making a study of Rust!

Auld, Frank: OUR PRESIDENT, "he's our man." Led us through "many" a social enterprise. His part in the Easter Concert is reputed to have been the brightest—he controlled the lighting.

Barber, Hazel: She is small in proportion to the space within her cranium. So small, I almost missed her—that would have been a close shave, eh Barber?

Bell, Delta: "Auld acquaintance should never be forgotten." We don't blame her for staying on a while longer in 4A: after all, Frank couldn't skip a grade.

Beston, Hilda: I have the Beston(e) on her—"But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue." She was on the make-up squad at the Easter Concert.

Blackall, Cliff: "Cliff's me monnicker, drop over some time." Together with the rest of the cast and Miss Macmillan, he made a pretty good Director. He had to pinch-hit for Jack Kay as Heatherfield.

Cameron, Ellen: Our amiable chatterbox—"A goddess to be placed on a pedestal and admired . . ." in the words of one of our faculty.—She "made up" at the Concert—should know how.

Chard, Mildred: Just call her "Swiss." She may be Char(re)d but as far as we know, she's lily-white.

Church, Lorne: "Who says 4A's a bad form? I'm just beginning to like it,"—so there, Mr. Campbell!

Collier, Bernice: The colliers were coal-diggers—but I'll bet it's not coal she's after. She swears by Geometry and Trig. and Chemistry.

Cowan, Phyllis: 4A's Shirley Temple—the Child prodigy—but they who know say she's not as childish!

Dolan, Eleanor: Songbird, dramatist, comedienne and perfect hostess all blended into one. President of famous Elgar Club. Starred as Mrs. Penelope Jones-Jones-Jones in Easter Concert.

Fullerton, Margaret: "Buster Keaton's got nothing on me!"

Gitterman, Sydney: A gay fiddle-scratcher is he. It took an epidemic to keep him from writing his Easter examinations.

Green, John: His "Quest for the Hereafter" in the Xmas Issue of the Perroquet brought Miss Macmillan's Trophy for the best short-story to 4A.

Gunn, Ken: Mr. Clark's right-hand man in the Physics Lab. but: "he so studied with words and sayings brought so out of time and place to make sport and move laughter, that he himself was oftener laughed at than his jests were . . ."—More.

Hazen, Isabel: Saskatoon recruit (the Hub City must be a fine place, hmmmm)—she played a Stella(r) role in Fantastic Flight.

Hyman, Harold A.: Some playfully appelate him "Coach." Was Noah Boomer in Fantastic Flight. Takes a few journalistic flings once in a while. Was a Bryant oratory finalist.

Huggett, Arthur: "The Latins had a word for it and I know that word or I'll be switched and if I won't be switched, I'll be cow-kicked" says he with conviction.

Kay, Jack: "When he's got the Jack, he's O Kay," say the girls—he's one-half of the sorrel-top duet.

Kennedy, Donald: Teacher's Pe(s)t—The girls' delight—he's a Beau Deluxe sporting a pair of unbeatable legs, and (usually) a first year blonde.

McClellan, Charlie: Athletically inclined—subject to German Measles—brain trust—he's also interested in dramatics.

MacRae, Ross: A conglomeration of noises! Yes, indeed: fiddle, piano, trumpet, sax—he's sure windy. "Mr. Clark may read Maw Green but my dad's a darn good editor just the same," says he.

M. McCulloch and V. Campbell: as inseparable as the infernal atom. "Trouble comes not in single spies but in battalions," our martyred staff agree as far as they are concerned.

McGonigal, Harvey: He sure cuts up—and they cut him up—once in a while—to wit: split lip, bruised lamp, slashed fingers, etc.—a wizard on skates especially when Ellen's in the gallery.

McKillop, Margaret: If silence is golden she is the root of all evil, eh Horace?

Milner, Esther: Saskatoon recruit—marks high—good in history—not bad in Trig—etc.—etc.—etc.

Moscovitch, Peter: We see him now and then if there isn't a good picture playing at the Roxy.

Newby, Jack: A noble mind is here o'erthrown—fell from 100 to 95 in Trig—a little more study, Jake m'lad—You know, figures fascinate him!

Pauloff, Nicholas: A dignitary—some say he's an ambassador—master of physics—murderer of Latin—So ardently believes he in the five year plan that he thinks he'll spend another year in Central—ah, so patriotic!

Rasmussen, Harold E.:

"His life was gentle, (Until the Easter Dance)
And the atoms so mixed in him (CH_5OH)
That all 4A might stand up and say:
'Is it human?'"

Resch, Rachael: She's like salt on an open wound, it stings but as it stings it is supposed to purify—What's that Cliff?

Robertson, Ken: Ye ken him well! He's got Mr. Campbell's missing link of '09—he's a songster, basketballer, hockeyist. It has truly been said that Shakespeare was a great wit second only to "Moe" Robertson!

Shannon, Harold: He always seems to be driving about in a Haze'n walking doesn't seem to make any difference.—It's the Irish in him, perhaps—as a goalie he makes a good linguist.

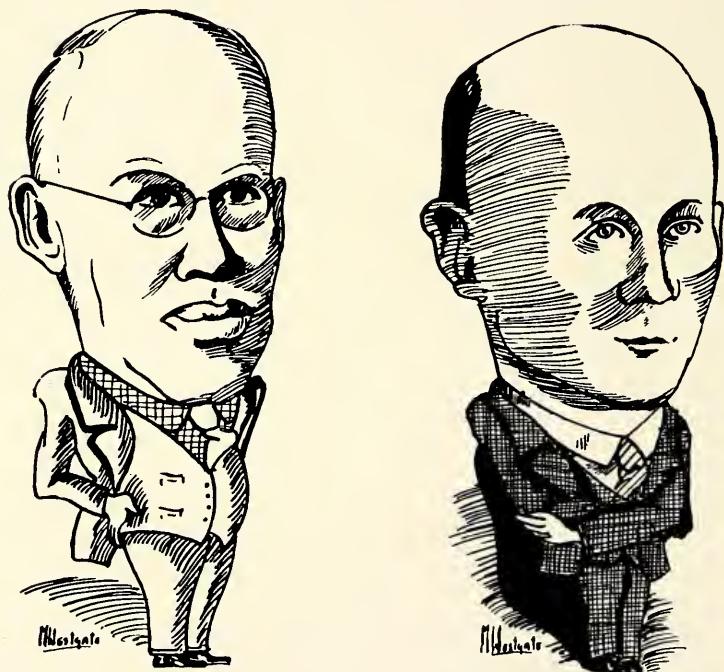
Sparks, Eric: He was an athlete and as athletes go so he went—yes, after a 1st year cutie. What's the matter with 4A's beauties?

Turnbull, Mabel: "I won't talk, don't make me!" In the immortal words of Mr. Bert Wheeler: "She'd make a good teacher — plenty of class but no principle."

Wade, Glen: Here we have the immaculate secretary of Fantastic Flight. He's a poet, too, but don't hold that against him.

Westgate, Murray: The other half of the sorrel-top duet. He shines at Dramatics and Oratory and indulges in athletics once in a while. Grown of late he has become a devoted pupil of Terpsichore!

Williams, Johnny: Curly Top, Take a Bow! Those waves he sports probably account for Shannon's perpetual seasickness. Besides this he also plays fiddle, usually 1st but sometimes second.



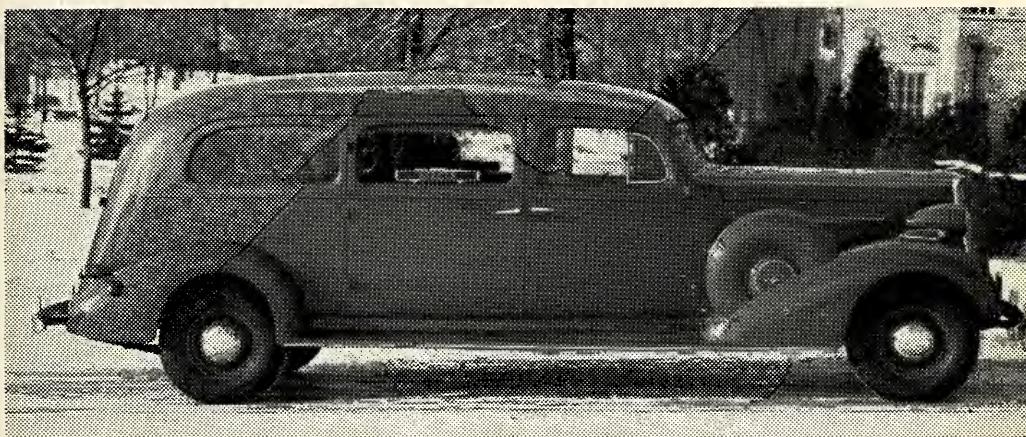
MY TEACHER

Who is it that with fearsome roar,
Who bangs and stamps upon the floor
And leaves us feeling sad and sore?
My teacher.

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Burns.

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R. MOORE

J. WRIGHT

E. LEWIS

G. DETRIDGE

J. BUGBEE

I. LOVERIN

S. SOEDER

M. BOLE

J. BUGBEE

G. GLASGOW

G. WILSON

C. HEAD

H. KOEPEK

D. ROBB

O. ZIFFLE

M. ROGERS

J. THOMSON

G. WITHEROW

M. HENDERSON

J. ALLISON

B. LUDDITT

D. ALLAN

J. BALLAGH

E. P. BARKER

R. FINDLAY

E. CARSON

D. JOHNSON

G. GLASGOW

G. WILSON

M. ROUTLEDGE

M. ROGERS

D. ROBB

J. THOMSON

O. ZIFFLE

H. KOEPEK

G. GLASGOW

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J. THOMSON

H. KOEPEK

G. GLASGOW

C. HEAD

B. LUDDITT

G. GLASGOW

C. HEAD

SALLY PEPPY'S DIARY

"EXPRESS YOURSELF, MY DEAR!"

Dedicated to the Girls and Boys of 4B

Thoughtful observers of present educational trends must wonder whether the noisy advocates of self-expression are underestimating, if not overlooking, the importance of another fundamental principle of human conduct: that much must always go unexpressed, much be felt but not spoken, if civilization is to continue. Must we not, before exercising this vaunted self-expression, learn to repress, to suspend judgment, to face reality, to adjust ourselves to life, to control our emotions in triumph and in defeat?

After all is said, does it not seem that this exhibitionistic expression so highly extolled in thoughtless camps, is often the very opposite of expression, the indisputable evidence of mental and emotional incoherence? The mainspring must be properly wound and kept under tension before it will perform its invaluable service on the dial of the clock; the turbulent floods must be held in leash by the dam before they will perform their all-season service to industry and agriculture. Before we shout too eagerly for self-expression must we not educate ourselves to the happy state where we have something worthy to express? Self-expression will then be both beautiful and fitting, not mere egotistical display, gratifying to the individual but of doubtful value to others.

E. C. McEACHERN.

Monday—Up betimes, and did profess much disgust at beginning a new week of school, whereupon my dear mother did reply that I had better hurry and get out if I did not wish to help with the washing. And so to Central, where I did have some difficulty explaining to Mr. Campbell why I had not my Trig. prepared; and he did inform me that anyone with a brain as dead as mine did belong in a morgue. Whereupon I was ejected from class for replying, with ready wit, that I **was** in a morgue. Did decide that Monday should be abolished.

Tuesday—Up betimes, to find the sun shining brightly, and did hasten to school, feeling that it was indeed a beauteous day, until I did chance to view my worst enemy clad in a dress just like mine whereupon I did feel that my day was ruined. So home, to learn we would partake of lemon pie, and my spirits did rise accordingly. And so, much later, to bed.

Wednesday—Up betimes, and did suggest to my dear father that he might loan me \$1 on next week's allowance; but was not surprised when he did reply in the negative. Did have my essay returned, and Miss Macmillan did remark that it was even worse than usual. Whereupon I did feel squashed. And so home, to listen to Fred Allen, whom I did find exceedingly unfunny.

Thursday—Up betimes, and at my dear mother's request did make the toast, which everyone did reject because of its dark hue. So to school and did borrow a kind friend's Latin prep, thereupon amazing Mr. McEachern, when I did translate a portion thereof which did seem to be missing from the text. He did explain gently that my translation was an exceedingly old one whereupon everyone did laugh save me, and so home.

Friday—Up betimes, and did feel very merry at the thought that this was the last day of misery. So to school, where I did spend an extremely dull forenoon what with the collection of two detention slips for inattention. Did skip at recess in the afternoon, whereupon my friend and I did view Greta Garbo's most recent cinema, which did seem exceptionally sad. And so home, where I did prepare for the dance. Did have a hilarious evening, and was ejected, in company with my dear companions, from a cafe, when the worthy proprietor did decide that we had thrown an excess of sugar lumps. So to bed.

Saturday—Up betimes, when my dear mother did announce that it was nigh 11.30, and would I please rouse my lazy bones. Did comply, and spent the day in visiting the shops. Did quarrel with my gentleman friend in the evening, whereupon I did decide to become a man-hater.

Sunday—Up betimes, in due time for lunch, and did spend a very profitable day in eating chocolates and reading a most stirring romance. Did soundly slap my young sister, who had indeed made serious inroads on my makeup, by applying it to sundry portions of her anatomy. And so, protestingly, to bed.

4B—IN REVIEW

The personnel of 4B is varied, but all are famous (or should we say notorious?) for something. Do you recognize them?

George Withrow—“All I desire is fame.”

Mary Rogers—Peppery Mary is Vice-President of the Students' Council.

Alex Belteck—Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of rungs.

Mildred Johnston and **Emma Pearl Barker**—boost the sale of liniment considerably. Both are figure skating enthusiasts.

Bob Moore—“Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to.”

Eleanor Lewis and **Shirley Saeder**—Two reasons why the boys are grateful to Saskatoon.

Lorne Wickerson—Seldom seen (at school), but often heard with the popular Freshman Quartette.

Jean Allison—“That of hir smiling was ful simple and coy.”

Jack Scrimces—Famous for his smile and his French marks.

Elaine Carson—Small in size, but mighty in intellect.

Joyce Paterson—Short and sweet.

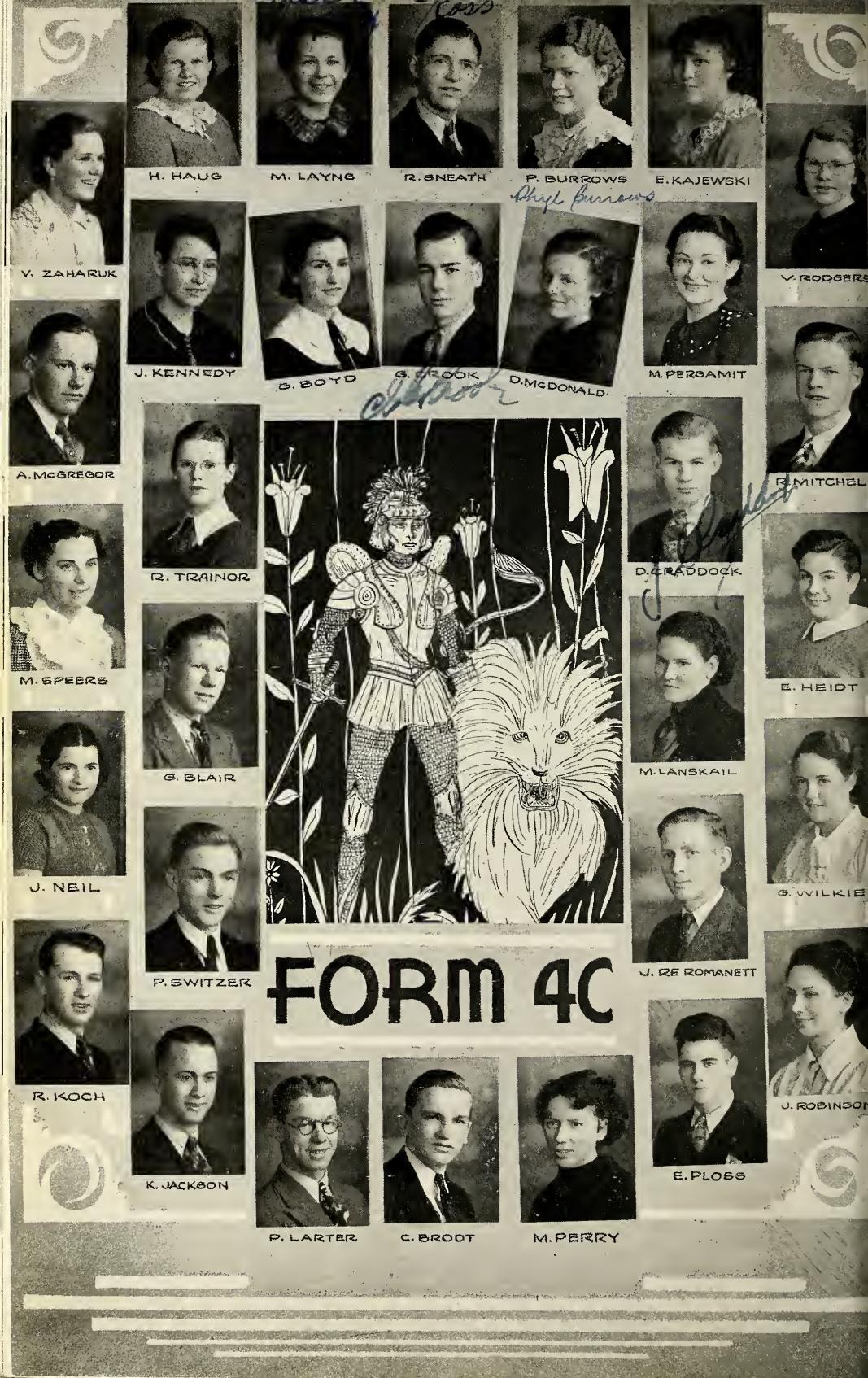
Stan Abrams—He plays a right smart game of basketball.
Jean Thomson—Blondie has a yen for chewing gum.
Mickey Finkelstein—the mighty atom.
Eva Totten—Our school-marm knows her a b c's.
Gordon Wilson—His passion is pickles.
Margaret Larrabee—What's Mae West got that she hasn't got?
Otto Ziffle—He stars in rugby, but geometry "lines" floor him.
Doug. Robb and Doug Johnson—All good things come in pairs.
Betty Thom—"Beauty is its own excuse for being."
Beth Ludditt—"Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."
Issei Lifshitz—"He's shootin' high."
Bill Homenuk—A second Rubinoff—even to the hair-cut.
Marian Routledge—"Windy's" two hobbies are elocution and Al-eucution.
Danny MacIntosh and Stan Dethridge—Don Juan had nothing on them.
Russ Findlay—"Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."
Marie Henderson—She likes basketball games and all day suckers.
Charlie Head—"I find no intellect comparable to my own."
Burns Steckley—"The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow."
Jane Wright—"In feloweship wel coude she laughe and carpe."
Vaughn Young—"Studied stateliness."
Yvonne Davis—She gets nowhere quickly.
Georgia Glasgow—"Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce."
Dunc. Allen—The girls just can't resist Dunc's grin.
Iola Loverin—"A friend to all."
Ross Barlow—We suspect that he's not as shy as he seems.
Geraldine Copeman—We see her so seldom.
John Ballagh—"And of his port as meke as is a mayde."
Jim Hornoi—Work isn't in his vocabulary.
Helen Koepke—"Ruby" may not shine in History, but she has plenty of dates.
Joyce Bugee—Our popular songstress.
Pete Lay—Yes, we have a cartoonist too!
Mildred Bole—Master in the arts of camouflage.

LUTHER COLLEGE OF REGINA

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HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
SECOND YEAR UNIVERSITY in affiliation and
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FORM 4C

R. KOCH



K. JACKSON



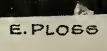
P. LARTER



G. BRODT



M. PERRY



E. PLOSS

COURAGEOUS COMPANIONS

Your own fair youth, you care so little for it
Smiling towards Heaven, you would not stay the advances
Of time and change upon your happiest fancies.
I keep your golden hour, and will restore it.

If ever, in time to come, you would explore it
Your old self, whose thoughts went like last year's pansies,
Look unto me; no mirror keep its glances;
In my unfailing praises now I store it.

To guard all joys of yours from Time's estranging
I shall be then a treasury where your gay,
Happy, and pensive past unaltered is.

I shall be then a garden charmed from changing,
In which your June has never passed away.
Walk there awhile among my memories.

Alice Meynell in this poem expresses far better than I can my wishes to 4C of 1935-36, that memories of your sojourn at Central may have some of the joy and beauty of recollection which this sonnet suggest. With increasing age come increasing obligations and cares. To young people those obligations should be eagerly accepted. But occasions arrive when doubt, and sometimes despair may intervene. Then is when old memories, old associations of your youthful years may bring back to you courage and faith to persevere and succeed. So to 4C, I bid farewell and God speed, trusting that memories of your work and play here at Collegiate may be a source of courage and strength to you in the sterner days that lie ahead.

J. E. R. DOXSEE.

"OWED" TO LATIN AUTHORS

To form 4C, does Chappy go,
To tell of windy Cicero,
Who haunts this place, that Latin bard,
And makes each school day dog-gone hard,
And puts our average down so low.
They are the dead,
Years ago they lived,
Wrote books, let speeches go
To us poor studes, who now rely
On Chappy, to get us by
In June. Think of the little that we know,
Against the wall with failing hand we throw
That book, may it burn or die!
And yet in class with Chappy nigh
We cannot sleep, though hard we try,
In form 4C. —R.M.M.

We sondry folke, by aventure y-falle
In fellowship, and students are we alle
Who in a room at Central do reside
And always by the rules do we abide
With nyne and thirty in our compagnye

And none with bats in his'n belfery
But alle are brighte, studitious, and
renowned
In all the londe, none equal can be
found.

Gordon Blair—When not crashing
headlines, practices on desks;
shows some forensic ability, but has
wasted away as Co-editor of Per-
roquet and Annual.

Charlie Brodt—The girls' solace
in the Chemistry Lab. They even
sign for the matches when he's there.

Gladys Boyd—Seen in a moment
of weakness, arguing with Mr. Fyfe.

Phyllis Burrows—(Phil to her
pals), plays the piano second only to
Paderewski.

Doug. "Joe" Craddock—Windy,
"talks" through a trumpet in the
Troubadours and through his hat in
the Literature periods.

Nick Chobanuik and **Reuban Koch** are only noticed when
putting water on acid in the Chemistry Lab.

If thirty-eight spares a week do a fellow any good, **Glen Crook** and
Alvin Hemstreet must be in fine fettle.

Grant Faulkner—One of the 4C City Slickers.

Lloyd Geake—Denise, if interested in dramatics line up outside
4C at four o'clock.

Gordon de Guerre—It's those big eyes of his that fool the girls.

Helen Haug—Our President. Should see her ticklin' the ivory.

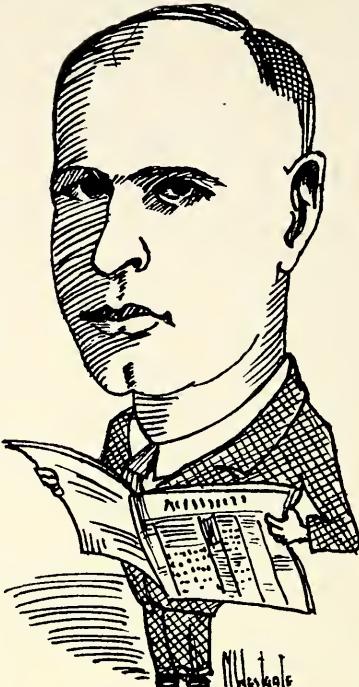
Elizabeth Heidt—Our budding genius. "Oft did she quarrel
with Mr. Fyfe, about the character of Hamlet's life."

Kenneth Jackson—A City Slicker just in from the country.
3G girls beware!

Ken Johnson and **John de Romanett** will soon be playing hockey
in the big leagues.

Edith Kajewski—She liked fourth year so well last year, she
came back again this year.

Jean Kennedy—Speaks with a southern drawl, but she sure can
please Latin teachers.



Norman Kliman (is taking fourth year on the Five Year Plan)—he puts his hat in 4C cloakroom, but not very often.

Donald Landskail—A distinguished guest, holder of all-time record for low marks in Latin and French.

Mildred Landskail—Knows all, sees all, hears all, and tries to tell all.

Percy "G" Larter (Goliath)—Blondes are like poison to him, they turn his face red.

Ronald Maclean—His ambition is to find where the light goes that misses the earth.

Donald MacDonald—The answer to a maiden's prayer,
Dreamy eyes and wavy hair.

Doris McDonald—She may not have a quarter-back, but she sure has a line.

Arnot McGregor—Is very susceptible to blushing but usually not without cause. (4A girls please note).

Mary Menzies and **Bertha Deck** are seldom heard and scarcely noticed except when exam results appear.

Robert M. Mitchell—Bob says he wrote, "I'm a Latin from Manhattan," but Mr. Chapman won't believe it.

Jean Neil—Just supposin' Jeanie would do something instead of Neil.

Muriel Perry—"Do you know her only flame?
Or must I tell that passion's name?"

Alfred Pesto—Has had many a close shave, but his face doesn't show it.

Ernest Ploss—Fuzzy shines as guard of the Senior basketball team.

Janet Robinson—Just supposin' she was a robin's daughter instead of a Robinson.

Virginia Rodgers—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Ross Sneath and **Paul Switzer**—Help make the music go round and round for the Troubadours.

Mary Speers—She "speers" the points in the basketball games.

Grace Wilkie—Our "Efficiency Expert" can take "more" out of moreover and have something "left over" (usually when putting gum in the basket).

Mary Pergamit and **Ruth Traynor**—Two more hard working 4C students.

Bernard Isman, **Edwin Doan** and **Archie Forbes**—Left the ranks of the unemployed during the year and got themselves jobs.

Heard around the form—
"How's the depression?"
"Weren't the exams hard?"
"How's Tillie this morning?"



M. MC CONICA



Y. LESLIE



A. WILSON



W. WHITE



J. ANDERSON



P. BRADY



I. BROWN



K. ANSLEY



S. COWAN



G. NELSON



S. SNOWFIELD



L. SCOTT



C. BARTLETT



F. WALTERS



L. GALENZOSKI



R. HUSBAND



L. NEWMAN



G. WILLIAMS

FORM 4D



D. JONES



B. MULLIGAN



A. JOHNSTON



M. WASSEMAN



H. MARTIN



A. KOCH



M. SIEBERT



A. ZENTNER



G. MATTHESON

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FOUR DEE

"*The Life and Letters of Four Dee*" which gives promise of being one of the finest works of its kind, is rapidly nearing completion, and should be off the press very shortly. This new work is quite *novel*. It is being issued in *forty volumes*, each member of Four Dee having *compiled*, figuratively speaking, during his four years at Central the contents of one volume. Each book is, in truth, a *record* of experiences, activities and thoughts of the author, and a measuring stick of his intellectual and social development. Progress may be traced as one turns over the pages of each volume.

The contents of these books should be of great value to the authors both now and in the years to come. The effort, time, and personality which each has put into his *autobiography* should assure to him satisfaction and inspiration in the years to come. Each author, indeed, will be the recipient of a *royalty* which, though not rated in dollars and cents, will enhance his capacity to render finer service and enjoy a fuller life.

Glancing over the *table of contents* of each volume, one notices that the books vary substantially in content. Some have laid greater emphasis, for instance on Science; from these should come some of our leading doctors, dentists or research chemists. Some have devoted a large section of their books to English, history, and public speaking; law, politics and journalism will no doubt receive a contribution from these. Other have apparently had in mind the engineer or the actuary, since they have placed mathematics first in the books compiled by them. Again some members of Four Dee have made worthy contributions in athletics which will doubtless afford them a life-long interest. Two helpful and inspiring chapters have been contributed by members of Four Dee who served in the capacity of president of the Students' Council. Indeed, every phase of school activity has been well written and illustrated in "*The Life and Letters of Four Dee*."

One of the finest chapters in each volume of this unique set of books might be entitled: "My Central Friends." Perhaps no section will live longer in memory or yield greater satisfaction than this.

In the light of developing experiences at College or elsewhere, each book will require frequent and progressive *revision* to keep abreast of the advancing thought and widening horizon of the author.

The *dead-line* for copy for the present *edition* is June 30th. Our sincere hope is that each volume may be considered worthy of publication and that "*The Life and Letters of Four Dee*" will be *complete* in *Forty Volumes*.

The Central Publishing Company, Regina.

T. W. HUNT.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FOUR DEE

A form with lots of spirit is 4D,
A better class of studies you'd never see,
As field day found our form well out in front
Thanks to the careful training by Mr. Hunt.
But the promised chocolates were so long in coming
We thought we'd wasted all our efforts running.
So eager are some students that at noon
If they do happen to arrive too soon
And find themselves locked out and wish to study,
They simply thro' the transom force their body.
'Tis not long after we've all gained admission
'Till Art assumes his antic disposition;
He has a seat constructed with such science
That it collapses under slight appliance,
As outwardly he smiles with affectation
That these his efforts meet with acclamation.
But as for Dodge, a man of high-jump fame,
Our teacher says his nature suits his name.
And so sans more ado
We will present to you
The characters that one may see
Within the walls of old 4D.

Dunc Tullis—Oh, cursed spite that ever I was born to go to school.

Phillis Brady—“Come round and see me sometime.”

Arthur Wilson—My Frances doth study at Kingston, Oh bring back my Frances to me. Heartsick Art, leader of the Garlic Squad, is a dance convener, advertising manager, etc.

Bernice Cowan—If basketball were a key to studies, I'd be beyond the farthest door e'er now.

Charles Bartlett—Collector of “excused” slips (don't call me a lyre) and walking tickets.

Harry Guest—is the cause of Mr. Doxsee's worries. “Gus” sees red every time.

Lyle Scott—4D's contribution to the ladies?—He also warms a seat in 4C.

Jean Anderson—“Strong men have run for miles and miles whenever little Jeanie smiles.” (That's what Mr. Fyffe thinks).

Forbes W. R. Cavanaugh—the original heart-breaker, ex-president of the Stooges' Council, Mr. Hunt's private secretary, etc.

Wilmotte White—4D's Lady of the Frozen Lakes.

Lloyd Grant—Another 4D sheik, but he doesn't spend any more time there than he can help.

Bob Husband—Bob shines in scholastics.

Irene Brown—The big threat to the 4C girls.

Garry Nelson—Her heart's elsewhere, at the end of Albert Street South—fortunate Campion.

Lloyd Dodge—Recently broke the record by setting a new low in the field of averages.

Ferdinand Walters (just call me Ferdy)—Our six foot-plus-artist, and man-about-town.

Audrey (Tubby) Johnstone—Throw Physics to the dogs, for I know naught of it.

Marvin Wasserman—A budding orator and 4D's representative in the Bryant Oratory Contest.

George Walker — You may have seen many great men, but you haven't seen nothing yet.

Yvette Leslie—Asmeek as a mouse, and meeker (?)

Louis Galenzoski—Faint labours n'er won fair mark. "Abdu" also stars in badminton.

Kay Lamont — Seldom seen, seldom heard.

Verna Wedgewood—A very little (emphasis on the little) girl from Welwyn. History is her specialty.

Ross Knowles—An ardent track man, also a poetic genius.

Herma Martin—Mr. Campbell's toughest don't fool Herma.

Lloyd Newman—A quiet little boy, but one of 4D's basketball stars.

Mary Seibert—Mary's conscience is forever darkened. One fair or foul day she was absent. Was the show good?

Harold Van Luven—Pastimes: skipping exams and rolling his socks.

Margaret Cunningham—Marge is only taking half her year. What's the big attraction? Why not let us in on it.

John Laurek—"Jim" to Mr. Fyfe. One of our strong silent men.

Genevieve Matheson—Go south young lady, go south. (One corner of Genny's heart is forever Assiniboia).

Paul Soeder—Latest recruit from Saskatoon.

Sadie Snowfield—Warbles like Mr. Fyfe's "cuckoo" in the Elgar Club.

Harvie Mellor—He doesn't say much—why?—sits at the front.

Alvina Jetner—A loyal supporter of Mr. Fyfe when Harvey and Arthur get too much for him.

Keith Ansley—Our choice for president was well made—he was chosen President of the Students' Council.





V. ATHEY



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E. GALLUP



A. CYTHES



P. ROSS



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D. DOAN



S. WALTERS



L. FORSBLOOM



M. BELL



C. NOGA



C. CARTER



FORM 4F



J. ENGEL



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M. WILLIAMS



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B. CARNIE



J. ROSS



J. GRYMALOSKI



J. HORNDI



M. SINCLAIR



C. WELDON



M. GENIUS

FOOTLIGHTS AND SPOTLIGHTS

Mr. Perkins' Parting Shot at 4F

A few months ago you became fourth year students. The "Freshies" on either side of you looked at you and wondered. Now you are ready to leave us as graduates of Central Collegiate, the "Freshies," first year students now, take you for granted, and may even trespass to the extent of using your coat hooks. So time marches on,—what will the end of another four years bring? No one may answer with certainty, but be sure of this, that your will, training and spirit will be the greatest factors in shaping that future.

You have looked forward to the day when you will complete your course at Central. Now the day is at hand and you ask yourself, how much better off am I today? You have the advantage of four years training in the various subjects. This has supplied you with certain information and the mastery of certain technique, but most important you have learned how to master difficulties and to forge ahead.

You have had the guidance of many teachers. Sometimes it may have seemed that they were most anxious for you to become a storehouse of knowledge in their respective subjects. However, if you review your whole course, I think that you will agree that they were most interested in you making a success of your years spent here.

Accept then, our best wishes for your future success, our thanks for your work and expressions of appreciation and may your courage be strengthened and your hopes realized. Do not be discouraged by the difficulties of the world. Your world is what you make it, be glad that you have a chance to do your part.

"No chance? Why the world is eager
For the things that you ought to create,
Its store of true wealth is still meagre,
Its needs are incessant and great,
It yearns for more power and beauty
More laughter and love and romance.
More loyalty, labor and duty,
No chance!—Why there's nothing but chance."

—W. E. PERKINS.

"The world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players; all have their exits and their entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts."

Stage Setting—4F.

Stage Director—Mr. Perkins.

Time 1935-1936.

Scene 1—September 3, 1935.

Students rushing wildly in through the welcoming portals of 4F.

8.59—Our troublesome trio (Stan Walters, a very fine paper carrier, and his two accomplices, Charlie Carter and Ralph Copeland) supported by Ken Campbell, another paper boy:

Breathlessly, at door: "We're here."

Scene 2.—Enter the "stragglers"—

Here comes **Peggy Ross** with face so glum,
If she isn't in sight, you can hear her gum.

Lamenda Brown, with motto "Better late than never."

Little **Mae Williams** lives a block from school,
But runs into the room at 9, as a rule.

Elinor Gallup, always in a hurry, true to her name.

Lillian Forzbloom, who sits so shy,
Smiling at the passers-by.

Next comes **Don Tyman**, with flaming head,
As he walks down the aisle, "Is his face red."

Everet Young, a quiet member of the rear-ranks.

Scene 3—9.00.

Last call for "absent" notes by discouraged stage director from:
Monica Bell—who has never accomplished that amazing feat
of remembering a note.

Rose Ehman—who, with practice, has become fairly efficient
in the matter.

Eileen Matlock—who believes in extended holidays.

Mike Gnius—a curly haired lad is Mike, and someone we can't
help but like.

Peter Siltzer—our Football Hero. We haven't been able to
discover yet where Pete is located when he plays his accordian so
cleverly.

Scene 4—Time 9.01—

"All is quiet on the Western Front."

Behind each desk in turn, one may see
the following smiling faces:

Caroline Noga—Petite and fair
Never appears to have
a care.

Clara McKerricher—She's very quiet in
school, but out,—well?

Jean Ross—Is it true she won't buy
vanishing cream for fear she won't have any
when she gets it home?

Herb Bethell—He's the cartoonist of
the bunch,
He draws on someone
else's hunch.

Betty Carnie—Her recipe for keeping
thin is large doses of study.

Annie Smith—She hasn't much to say,
but the reason is nearness to the teacher's
desk.

Jacob Engel—The perennial heart
breaker.

Frances Laye and **Tillie Bieber**—Two
wise girls who are seen, but not heard.



Muriel Sinclair—To us Muriel Sinclair came, Silton's loss is
Regina's gain.

Evelyn Errington—A casual, but welcome visitor.

Bill Bothe—He sits all day with look so sly,
Trying to slip the teacher's eye.

Charlie Weldon—Though often seen, is heard but seldom.

Vern Bouchard—The 4F shiek with curly hair,
“So buxom, blithe and debonair.”

Hector Whitton—Comes “Galloping” in,
We wonder why he wears that grin.

Julian Grymalnski is a boy so meek, when the girls appear his
knees grow weak.

Intermission—A Masque

Enter the graceful ballet dancers—

Les Waller—So tall and slim, and fair of face,
He trips in with a fairy's grace,
But lo! what see I in the dirt?
I do declare—the fairy's skirt!

Jack Anderson—“He floats through the air with the greatest of
ease.”

Excels in the high steps.

Elmer Hunter—The sweetest smile this fairy shows,
Swaying on his dainty toes.

Scene 5—

Enter 4F athletic representatives:

Una Athey—She excels on the track and field, and in basketball.

Allan Scythes—Bounces in with mighty snort,
Denoting he goes in for sport.

Dorothy Doan—A member of the Junior Girls' Basketball team.
She knocks 'em cold—don't get us wrong, we mean the basketballs.

Scene 6—

Time—approach of June.

Epilogue—

The players slowly leave the stage
And each pursues his chosen arts;
For it must be from age to age
That one man plays his many parts
In scenes and ways that fate may please,
And we must leave, to enter these.

So soon the stage is dark, and lone;
The curtain drawn, and all are gone.

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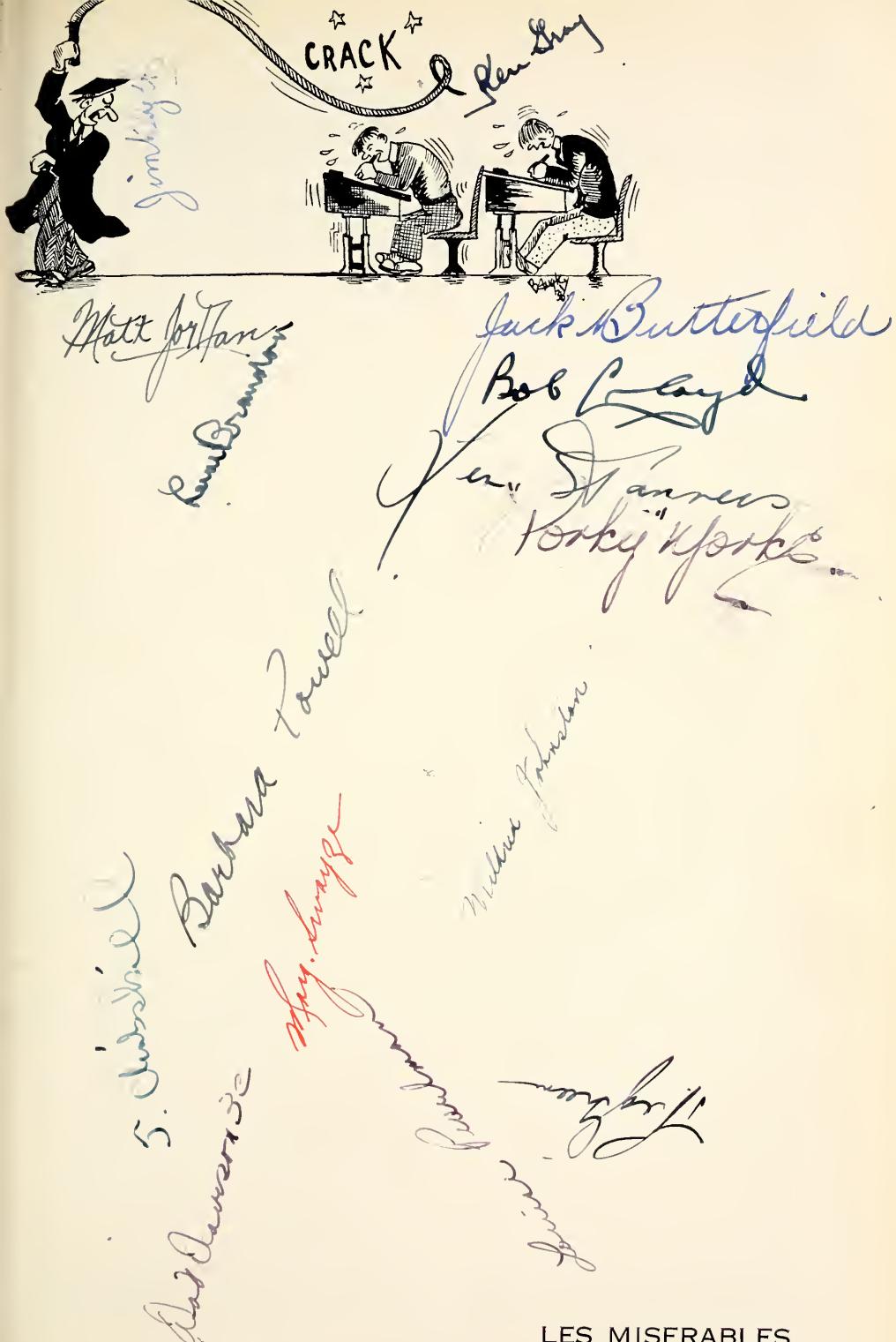
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LES MISERABLES

THE PERROQUET

Vol. 100575

JUNE, 1936

No. 100

1A ANALYSIS

Come to 1A—The House of Horrors, signed—our teacher.

Abode of the strange Griffin of Alice in Wonderland fame.

Flash—1A speed skaters star in the "Leader-Post" Skating Competitions. They are—Don and Doug Higgins, George Stewart, Margaret Baker, and Marjorie Smith.

This space was reserved for a picture of Jack Slater, but he couldn't get his hair combed, so what's the use of a picture when you can't see a fellow's face.



Speaking of fashions—Many of the feminine gossipers have been hoping (against hope) that our president Bill Stovin would cast off his glad green rags—'cause we are plenty Scotch.

The political inclination of 1A is hoodlumism, at least that is what Mr. Griffin says.

Lawrence Booth still thinks "portage" is what he eats for breakfast.

In Flock's estimation, Collegiate Capers was an "equine" success,

whatever that is. Editor's Note—The Dictionary solves this problem—for all those who are bewildered and with profound apologies for such unprecedented first formism, we define equine as horsey.

To be sure she's genuine when you go out with Elizabeth—"Look for the Speer in the green coat."

Contrast—The Higgins Twins.

Our dance orchestra—The Stevadors.

Wanted—Studious First Year Student with an average over 85% to do homework—only girls need apply—address all correspondence to Lyman Wilson.

Jim Lamont—That liniment makes my arm smart.

Mr. Myatt—Why not rub some on your head?

1A now makes a confession—in a low voice of course—A typical 1A student looks like a sap, is a sap and sure behaves like one.

1B BREEZES

Pome

1B's the brightest first year form
In French (oft we've been told)
But 'rithmetic's an eternal storm
Within our brilliant fold
Take the advice of a mutineer
Who loves arithmetic
Turn up your toes and pass it by
Or give it a hefty kick.
But turning to the form again
It's a punitive little spot
With chattering here and chattering
there
Though many high marks are sought .

1B's Form Party was held February 21st (leap year). The students attended the Grand Theatre, later assembling at the home of Jim Branham, our form president. Dancing, games, and especially "eats" were enjoyed.

Fight?—Two of the 1B pupils were engaged in a furious argument as they stood pushing the window slide back and forth.

"If this window is left open," she declared, "I shall certainly catch cold and probably die."

"If the windows are shut I am sure I will suffocate", he shouted.

The teacher was at a loss till one bright student said,—

"First open the window, that will kill one, then shut it, that will suffocate

THE PERROQUET

the other, and then we may have peace."

If you didn't like that, sit back in your chair and moan through this.

Teacher—"When I was a child my desire was to be a pirate."

From the back seat—"You were lucky, it isn't everybody who can fulfil their ambitions."

Now swallow this fact—

Two pints make one quart, two quarts make one reel.

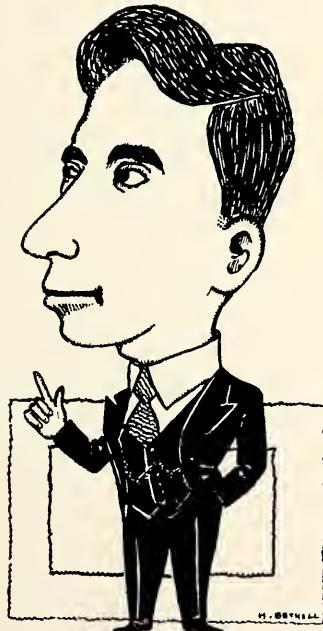
And absorb this—

Teacher—How many students are here this morning?

Chorus—Thirty.

Teacher — And how many dumb-bells?

Chorus—Thirty-one.



A certain 1B student is reported to have gone up in smoke the other day—the matches (to be used as tooth picks) which he had in his pocket became ignited on account of the heat of the radiator and—wahoo—!

1C CONOTATIONS

The 1C Form Party was a high class affair. After spending 2 hours in the Met Theatre the class went to the home of one of the kids where an evening's

entertainment was enjoyed. Featured on the Shamateur programme were: Jo Cunningham, Rita Buggie, Issie Essers, and the Four City Slickers.

1C won quite a name for itself last winter by its reproduction in the Perroquet of a speech by its form teacher, Miss Murray, in which the causes of war were outlined. 1C represented the fact that Miss Murray spoke of wars in Europe when she speaks so fluently on causes of wars in 1C. 1C recalls also peace treaties dictated on the field of battle. At this point the 1C sword lies broken and their pens as well, we hope.

1D DATA

1D's ambling artist, Gardner Williams, displayed the ability and future of various form members, but due to lack of space they cannot be reproduced here.

Harry Cully seems to be the lucky man of our form. Just before the Christmas exams he got the mumps, and just before the Easter exams he was put in quarantine for measles, but the teachers weren't to be fooled, so Harry wrote his exams isolated in the sewing lab.

Seen in Passing—

Last Minute Turner walking into the room with three and a half seconds to spare.

Henry Dummer combing down his slick black pompadour.

Clifford Tanouye practising the art of pugilism.

Frances Ordway starring on the track team.

Stubbie Mason attempting to put a new joke in one of his witticisms.

The good ole frying pan—yea bo' we're first year basketball champions.

News Note (by mail)—April 1st.—Today Connie West thought he would fool Mr. MacKenzie but instead he got thirty lines of the "Lady of the Lake" to memorize.

1F FUN

This frolicsome form, inspired by a study room oration, wrote:

Mr. Campbell rest, thy warfare o'er,
Forget those slips that know no ending,

Dream of detention daze no more,
Days of waiting after four.

In our school's enchanted room
Hands unseen, homework are writing,
Students with their problems fighting
While Shorty rests amid the gloom.

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Hold your sides and read this—

Mr. Cooper (in Algebra Class)—
What is the Index?

Doug Moore—I—Uh—Oh, yes, it's
the part in the back of the book where
you find things.

Doug Cunningham (windy) prefers
to spend his holidays when the exams
are on.

Mr. Myatt—Mrs. Chadwick's little
boy—what is Hemoglobin?

Rafe—It's those things that come
out on Hallowe'en.

Because she's not able to out-talk the
written word, we say what we've
wanted to say all year, quoted from the
mind of every red blooded male in 1F.
Her brother, in the opinion of the
school, may be a great orator, but of
Eileen Westgate there is no hope.
Eileen is considered as a cinch for the
presidency of the Central's Sewing
Circle and Gossip Club, when and if
the elections are held and the club
is formed.

With that off their chests the boys
have been able to find a fitting close
for their news:



Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If it wasn't for Mr. Cooper
Our brains would rust.

1G GROANS

For those of you who wish to see,
What the future holds for our 1G:
First, Sigmund the hero, brave and
good—

Far from the top he always stood.
He will be a historian rare
And dream of castles in the air.
Next Rory, a sailor hardy and brave,
Will sail on a ship on the ocean's

wave;
And Bill, a juggler at a fair
Many dark damsels he will meet
there.

Now Sara, a snake charmer, slim
and dark,

Searce leaves a man without her
mark (?);

And Kay, a hula-dancer of the isles—
Every native, with her dance, she
beguiles.

And Craig, that little shrimp that
you see,

A wandering minstrel he shall be;
And many others—cowboys, dancers,
and singers gay—

Of whom we have not time to tell
today.

A Little of This and That—

Sigmund (giving speech) — My
friends, if we were to turn and look
ourselves squarely in the face, what
should we find we needed most?

Craig—A rubber neck.

The Form Philosophizes—Children
are natural mimics. They act like their
parents in spite of every effort to teach
them good manners.

This and that continues with: Prize
winning story of Year Book of the
Class of '27, Kindergarten, Victoria
School, here reproduced through the
courtesy of the Copyright Owners—
Publishing House of the Snake Eye
Training School for mental defectives:

"In public school we were pasting
things and I stuck some paste in the
boy's ear who was sitting with me and
I got the strap for it."

Editor's Note—"sa funny thing, but
by some strange process akin to mental
telepathy the above was written without
reference to the original copy by a
1G'er of '36—Mr. Robertson says:
"Aw what's the use?"—and so do we.

THE PERROQUET



1H HULLABALOO

Greetings and salutations from 1H. Well, we've had a form party—and who hasn't? The girls got drastic and practically forced the boys into it. They paid for the sleigh and brought the refreshments. The way things turned out the boys were rather pleased.

After a sleighing excursion we returned to the school and played games and had lunch—special emphasis.

During a ghost story told by Miss Creighton, Mr. Fyfe walked in looking like Dracula, nearly scaring a few feeble damsels out of their wits. And yet some of the students were able to return to the school early next morning, about 10 o'clock and clean the jerk—and did it need it?

Famous Personages in 1H—

Doug Temple—Raven curled Mark Anthony; David Derges—Pre Cambrian Fossil; Garth Rowsene—Little Gumdrop; Doris and Olive Cavanaugh—Olive Oyl Sisters.

1K COGITATION

We may be lazy,
We may be late,
The teachers we may aggravate,
But they must know how high we
rate.

Not less than sixty-five per cent;
Which teachers know is quite dees-
cent.

Sleepiest guys in first year, Fred Rice and "Sleepy" Wallace are arranging to instal barber chairs in the class rooms so that they may rest more comfortably (they expect to put at least two chairs in the detention room).

1K has finally broken the record established in 1930 for late slips, with an average thus far of 24 per person. So what? we ask.

Russell R. Robinson—the answer to a teacher's prayer for action—public enemy No. 1 in first year—spends his time together with the rest of 1K typing to ward off the ferocious attacks of the "Short Man."

The Honor List continues with Lois Borland, poet de-luxe (so called).

Grace Brown—Parlez Francais—Oui, beaucoup.

Gayle Barlow—How'm I doin' girl?

Barbara Newbott—a bit of old Erin, etc. Good-bye, please.

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THE PERROQUET

2A PANDEMONIUM

By popular demand—excerpts from "The Perroquet"—

2A is a happy throng—when the bell goes, buzz, buzz.

The Highlights—they were all dimmed.

We won't discuss the details (or nooks and crannies some found) of our sleighing party—enough said. The lunch served was delicious, for verification of this ask Bruce or Maurine.

Apparently Don fancies the Scottish lassies—especially those of the MacDonald clan.

What price popularity? Ask 2A. Teachers have made it a habit (or hobby) of entertaining the lively members of the form at "tea parties," where hard work is amply served to all. This original type of entertaining is not relished by the honored few, ask Dot or Eleanor.

Seen Around 2A—

A scarcity of teachers.

Don Matheson replenishing his peashooter with a mouthful of rice.

Dot Layng wondering what is wrong with the teachers (what no detention slips).

Leland Seig—earnestly and illustratively discussing the theory of blurping.

Isabel Goodal—diligently cracking gum.

Jack Carmichael, Bob and Don, fumigating the room by blowing through empty pipes.

H.P.C. clan busily discussing the art of charming.

John Cargoe—Well, 'tis spring when a young man's fancy turns—

Pat Bing—"Ex-opera singer" chanting: "I've never been caught before."

Ernie—"She loves me, she loves me not."

Is there a Doctor?

Obviously 2A's wisecracker has been mortally afflicted by Dan Cupid—symptoms of the sickness are a dreamy look and a propensity for hanging around 2F. Oh, Doctor, save our Donald.

2B BALLADS

Mr. Allan's theme song—"They put all the Yeggs in My Basket."



Ken Walters—"The Lady in Red." Bill McNally: "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

Evelyn McLachlan — "Lovely Lady."

Ruth Swartzfield—"I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze."

Come hither all ye Centralites,

Come stand beside my knee,

I'll tell ye of the form party

Of dear old form 2B.

2B or not 2B, that was the question.
Whether it was nobler for the form to

suffer

The slings and arrows of indigestion
Or to take up books against a sea of

troubles

And by studying, end them. To stay,
to go,

To go, and by going to say we end
The hours of studying and tribula-

tions

That studies are heir to. 'Tis a con-
summation

Devoutly to be wished. To go, we
went,

THE PERROQUET

We went! First to the show, ay,
there's the rub,
For in that show of thrills how time
did go.

There was a silence in the theatre,
The air was tense and still,
Then came a loud explosion—
"Just Evelyn's gum," said Bill.
'Twas half-past ten, when we arose
And wandered up the street
As joking, joshing, gay a crowd,
As you would care to meet.

We swooped upon the Mutch's
And with one accord cried "Eats!"
The boys ate all the sandwiches,
And likewise all the sweets;
And Mr. Allan liked them too,
'Specially one good chocolate cake,
With all the "gooey" icing—
It wasn't hard to take.

At last the midnight hour rolled
'round,
And we prepared to leave.
We thanked our lovely hostess
Most sincerely, you may believe.
We scattered far and wide again,
And Madge was all alone.
"Oh, Madge," cried Ken, "Mr.
Allan says,
I've got to take you home."

Ken Walter (political speech)—I want reform, I want educational reform, I want house reform, I want—

Fess Fairley—Chloroform.

2C MUTTERS

You saw many of the form notables performing in the concert, but modesty prevents us from mentioning their names.

We console Allison McDonald, Joyce Norman, and Tony Geisinger who, through illness (?) missed the Easter exams. It's a tough life alright. Even those who were to be in quarantine that week were fooled. They wrote in the sewing room. Tough luck, but remember: First you don't succeed—

We see by Mr. Campbell's Book that 2C is still in the running for the greatest number of detention slips during the last term, with 2A and 2B as runners up—as usual.



2C's BOY'S ELECTRIC LOVE

If she wants a date—metre.
If she comes to call—receiver.
If she wants an escort—conductor.
If she's picking your pocket—
detector.
If she goes up in the air—condenser.
If she's hungry—feeder.
If she's slow of comprehension—
accelerator.
If she's a poor cook—discharger.
If she eats too much—rectifier.
If her hands are cold—heater.
If she fumes and sputters—insulator.
If she wants a holiday—transmitter.
If she's narrow in her view—
amplifier.

Sport Notes—

Norman (Nellie) McLeod intends to defend his east-end marbles championship this summer at Pinkie.

Mr. Howard is supposed to have taken up lawn croquet, after his defeat at ping-pong.

Vic Bulmer, Tom Green, Anne Demchuk and Phyllis Halliday are last week's winners at "Drop the Handkerchief."

THE PERROQUET

Heard These Before—

Cyril Bulmer—It's so nice of you to dance with me.

Edna Johnson—Oh, don't mention it, it's a charity ball.

Tramp—Will you give me a dime for a sandwich?

Lorraine McLellan—Well let's see the sandwich.

Excerpts from 2C's Exams—

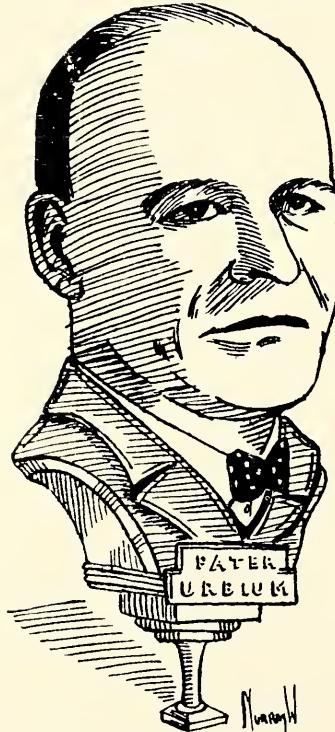
Gladiators are things which give off heat.

Mandolins are high Chinese officials.

Barbarians are things used to make bicycle wheels run smoothly.

Cereals are stories which last several weeks.

Detention slips are tokens of gratitude.



2D DOPES

Dont'cha know them fellows—Ken McGough, the blushing boy who combs his hair with a rake.

Norm Thompson—Mr. Perkins' pest and stooge.

George Noble—The silent one of 2D.

Jim Resch—the bad boy of the room.

James Emmins—the lad who keeps Mr. Campbell company after four.

Esther McGonigal—she provides entertainment for her side of the room.

Ken Charlton—needs a new saying. The other is cooling off.

Peggy Gemmill—only 90 in Geography. I'm slipping—an' how.

Cecile Boyd—this brunette has a swell time entertaining the boys in the front.

Don Smith—if he quit school, Mr. Fyfe would have to get a new stooge. He helps to cheer up Lal in drowsy times.

Doug Anderson—Mr. Chapman's little cutie. See how smart he is.

Doug: "The thermometer has fallen."

Mr. Chapman: "How much?"

Doug: "About five feet."

The list of dopes and their doings continues, but ho, hum, who cares?

The 2F Funny Fairies Frolic

The Form of greatest form spirit—nobody contributed but the reporter, and it was terrible.

Well, Wade on my Fran'.

2F stands for two F's, the Funny Fairies.

And are we Funny? Yes, sir.

Aroon and Harold lead the threatening hordes of wise crackers, which may or may not prove the superiority of mind over matter and vice versa.

The Funny Fairies Fashion Form News.

One day as Mr. Fyfe came in, a series of howls, chuckles, laughs and other noises was coming from the class. The horrible sounds continued until he said: "Alright, alright," which shows us what he thinks of our sly remarks.

This Form News would get the gong even in Central—and it does.

2F Funny Fairies Frolic Further—

There was a young lady named Min,

Who was so exceedingly thin

That when she essayed

To drink lemonade—

She slipped through the straw and fell in.

The Teachers and Students of R.C.C.I.

Another school term has gone and it was a pleasure to be of service to you. I hope, when the new term rolls around, I can be of service again.

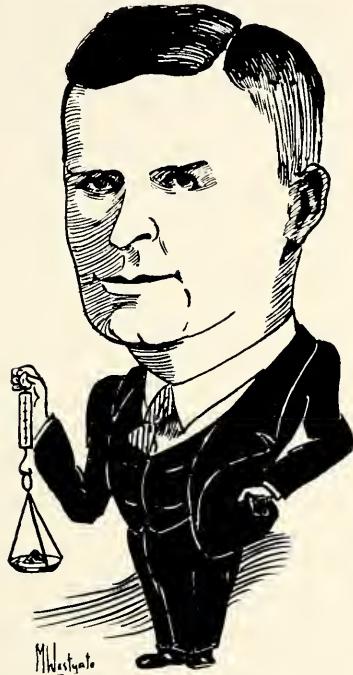
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THE PERROQUET

3A ADMISSIONS

There is a form at the top of the stairs,
That causes the teachers all their grey hairs.
In fact, it's the "Profies" who pay,
In the form that is called "Good Old 3A."



3A Form Party—The Form finally got into a huddle and planned a skating party with an adjournment to the home of Edith Scott. Everybody enjoyed themselves, except Hank Huff; he thought the girls had measles. Later the entertainment committee mastered by Little Lord Fauntleroy Maclean, retired leaving the entertainment to the person with the loudest voice. As a girl was the victor the revellers indulged in some hilariously thrilling kindergarten games. Meanwhile, Denton and Jean rested on the basement step till the villain Hall appeared.

Sweaters—About six months ago the girls got their pretty heads together and decided they wanted form sweaters. After much hair pulling they unanimously agreed that black (ugh) was

the only color that would harmonize with their peaches-and-cream (sour) complexions. They approached the fellows whom they figured they had under their thumbs—(Phil Perry and Willie Hall) and railroaded the boys into mourning, vetoing the tasteful blue and white checked pattern proposed by Denny Badenoch. There followed a jumble which somehow reminds us of J. Caesar's literary efforts. However, when peace and serenity reigned again, (these are not the girls' names) the suits were ordered and bought. Scott asked for a size 42. Now he's looking for a couple of tent poles.

Our Pet—One fine day during a most uninteresting French lesson, a few of the boys seemed occupied with something down below. Miss Leech disapproved of the commotion and remarked, "What are you doing down there? Is it a dog?" A moment of silence and then a burst of laughter and the dog emerged in the person of Phil Lexier. I wonder if she has apologized yet?

In spite of all this
The teachers are good,
It isn't their fault
If they're not understood.

3B BUNK

3B—"That room that knows no History and has no History." Quotation from a speech by the reporter after she had slaved for days and could only show this feeble result for her labors (poor girl, she meant well).

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THE PERROQUET

We had a form party.—After as much sleighing as we could possibly get for our money, we returned to the home of Douglas Jolly, where we danc'd (that's what it is usually called). Food was consumed, and in general we had a good time. We wonder where Allan Crossley was during the party, but he turned up for the eats.

Mr. Oliver, our form teacher, was absent for about four weeks just after the New Year, much to the relief of those who were in his bad graces, and regretted by those who appreciated him—the staff hockey team.

Famous Quotations—

Billy Atkinson—"Mr. Perkins has the temper and I've got the red hair."

Don Dawson—"I'm sure sorry that Spring is here. Muriel was such a swell skater."

Bill Carswell—"I'll fall down in French if you don't quit bothering me." (He's lucky, only 12 more marks to fall).

Allan Crossley—"Scram, girls, if Marion should come up to see me this recess (she usually does) you would cramp my style."

Tom French—3B's Ladies Man—"Do you think my hair is parted straight, girls?"

Jean Erskine—"Go away, I'm in a trance and won't come out of it till after next period—we have history."

3C CHATTER

3C was very much elated the other day returning from an agriculture class to find the precious picture of General Wolfe, supporting a gaudy pair of men's yellow and green wool socks much the worse for wear. At first they were thought to belong to a 3C sheik or to Mr. Haward who might have stepped into a puddle on the way to school and hung them there to air; but to our amazement they were found to be a pair belonging to a girl. How about it Olive?

The old saying: "When the cat is away the mice will play," is not always true. The other day when Mr. Haward was sick the room during Algebra period was so quiet that many students fell asleep. There

was one thing lacking during those Algebra periods and it was the ferocious yells which make our epiglottis fluctuate. However, when Miss Creighton teaches us her soft melodious voice floats gently through the air soothing our strained tympanic membranes.

Side Slants

Oh, he's tall, dark, and handsome, and has the grandest figure.

How do we know? Well, he was in Collegiate Capers, in the Easter Ballet. It's Tom.

Speaking about the concert we didn't know Cliff could sing, and didn't he look smart in his sailor outfit? "All the nice girls love a sailor."

3C have pledged themselves to three hours of Literature homework a week, so perhaps you won't be seeing us till June 30. But we'll see!

"Vas You Dere, Charlie?"—

Miss MacMillan: "You have heard of Naples, the famous Italian port, haven't you?"

D. Liddon: "No, how much a bottle is it?"

Mr. Haward: "And so we find that x turns out to be zero."

Mary H.: "All that work for nothing."

E. Stevenson: "Those jokes you gave me were simply awful."

M. Roantree: "Oh, I don't know. I put them in the furnace and it just roared."

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THE PERROQUET

3D DAZE

What a form! We have everything, sports ability, wisecracks, and salesmanship. Due to restrictions by the editors, our great athletic accomplishments must go unheralded, but we modestly admit that we hold the Third Year Basketball Championship.

One Thursday afternoon, persons passing 3D during the last period stood amazed. Gurgles and chortles in great profusion flowed through the keyhole in a solution of shrieks and bubbles. It was merely Mac's Young Innocents reaping the benefits of good salesmanship for concert tickets.

I guess you have heard that Mr. MacMurchy has said that the next imbecile who puts water in H_2SO_4 will be hit so hard on the head he will have to take his shoes off to take off his tie.

Mr. Chapman: "Define the word 'ago' in that sentence."

Ron Hardy: "I tank ago home now."

3F FACTS

A Toast to 3F—

We may not be angels, (we certainly aren't) but we do our best. We work and play through the five hour day (never mind the rest). We brighten the teachers with hope when they're here, we're merry and serious and eager to cheer. We've taken our fun where we've found it (and we find it 'most everywhere). We seldom are kept for detention, or get in the teacher's hair. So I think we deserve recognition (don't ask what the faculty think). So lift up your cups to the merriest form, and a toast to 3F let us drink. In other words:

"Here's tae oorselves, wha's like us!"

The co-stars for this year's act are:
Ronald Hall, President.

Lois Bouey, Vice President.

Assisted by an able cast—the rest of 3F.

Managed and directed by Mr. Greenough and seven other members of the staff.

BOYS' SHOP

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The story is merely the whys and wherefores of the doings of the 3F students, outstanding among which are:

The trips to the Lab. With all this war talk and these practices in case of air raids, we would be grateful if some one would donate a few gas masks for us to practice with, we certainly could use 'em in the lab.

Flash !!! accompanied by thunder—enter Mr. Cooper. We thought he was very pleased with us, but the way he said, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," t'other day, we wonder ? ? ?

Composition—although 3F'ers are splendid orators, even the best of us require a little time to prepare our speeches. When Mr. Williams informed us we could either propose a toast or make an impromptu speech—well—we'll leave it to you to figure out the results.

History—the test this term was expected during that cold spell we had. But did half the class escape by being absent? Oh, no, Mr. Doxsee postponed the test to catch "the tender as well as the tough ones." And did he? But we're not so bad in history, no sirree. Dates are our specialty. Our kind may not be in text books but they sure make history.

Miss Leach: "Où étiez-vous la dernière classe de français?

Stude (guiltily): "Non, non."

Mr. Chapman: "What is the word for 'this' in that sentence?"

Ferne: "Hic!"

Mr. Chapman: "Right."

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THE PERROQUET

3G GLEANINGS

3G claims to be the only form in Central to have an indoor curling rink. We have curling down to the finest art, so to speak. Mr. Cooper put up the suggestion when he found some of the smaller boys playing marbles in the room. We won't mention any names.

The game attracts a large crowd—four or five spectators, as it is known that Mr. Cooper throws a wicked curve. However, though he has lost some of his youthful vigour, he keeps up with the younger elements of the class.

The players use wooden discs, 2 in. in diameter and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, instead of rocks.

The Third Year track honors were taken into camp by 3G, the box of chocolates was also well received, even though it was six months late.

Many of the males of the form have lamented the regrettable loss of one of 3G's beautiful girls, Eleanor Pike. She left for Calgary on April 9th where "she will always remain our unforgettable." In the picturesque phraseology of one heart broken swain, "The boys are trying to drown a sorrow that has learned to swim."

"Is your heel fixed and your soul alright?" That was what Mr. Hunt said when Marge returned from a trip to the janitor to fix her broken heel. She had insisted on Elsie coming along as chaperone.

Remember the day a certain brnette's lipstick melted on the radiator?

Seen in Passing—"Non-stop" Rouse standing in front of the goal mouth.

How did Sandy Berwick get that black eye? The boys were afraid of Sandy when Zylpha got the measles.

Cupid works overtime in 3G, and so does the pencil sharpener—our form boasts six fingerwaved swains.

What happened when Marg branched 2 legs off the Chem Lab stool?

Why does Frank tot his comb out before he looks toward certain windows.

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Why does anyone look at certain windows anyhow?

Mr. Robertson asked Ruth Green if she was a prohibitionist when she skipped a certain sentence in French translation.

It looked rather queer when Noreen couldn't push open the window during the French class, yet all Grant had to do was give it a gentle tap.

We've often seen a certain 3G girl in the company of a 4C city slicker. What's wrong with the 3G boys, Mae?

Mr. Williams told us after the exams that "avis" meant "bird" in Latin, and by the way Avis flies in for our Literature classes we think he is right.

We learned a lot more about women after we studied "LaBelle Dame Sans Merci." However, Harold White says that was his opinion before. We don't need to tell you who 3G's "Belle Dame" is.

The 3G girls are trying to get the boys to pay for a curtain for their cloak room—but—

Thwarted ambition—to find a vacant front seat in a literature period.

What would happen if there were no classes after four. What would Elsie do with her time?

Seen from the boards—Mae MacMaster finding the ice in fine style during a girl's hockey game. Was the ice soft, Mae?

How to keep from growing old—just call Evelyn, "Eve."

Can you forget—"Shutout Findlay"—"Tubby" Erdeleyan—"Streak" MacKenzie—"Wizzard" White—"Buzzer" Norman — "Fluke" Kaytor and "Curly" Ryne.

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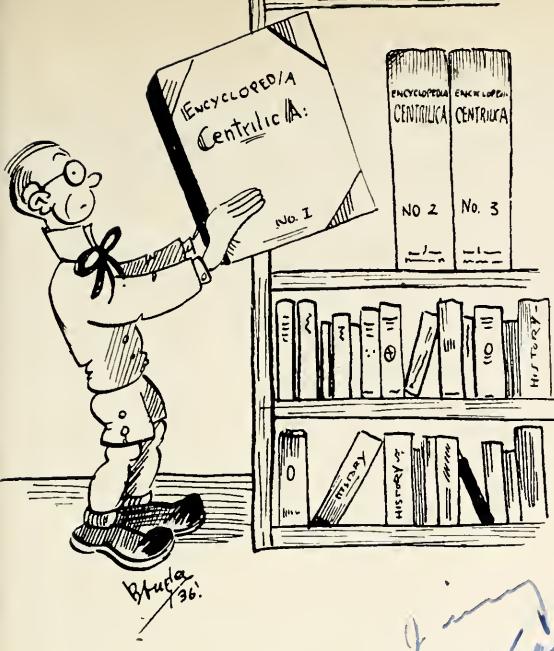
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ENCyclopedia CENTRILICA



TOP ROW—Ken Walters, Jack Stafford, Ernest Copeland, Cliff Cushing, Don Biggs, Bob Mitchell, Jack Hamill, Bud Spencer, Bill Stovin.

SECOND ROW—Sylvia Yule, Lorraine McLellan, Frank Auld, Mr. R. W. W. Robertson, Mr. D. S. MacMurchy, George Withrow, Una Athey, Helen Haug, Eleanor Dolan.

THIRD ROW—Gordon Blair, Jim Bramham, Elaine McLeod (Sec.), Mary Rogers (Vice Pres.), Keith Ansley (Pres.), Dorothy Taggart (Treas.), Mary Lewis, Doug Anderson.

FRONT ROW—Jack MacMurchy, Ronald Hall, Dick Roberts, Bill Pettigrew.

"THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL"

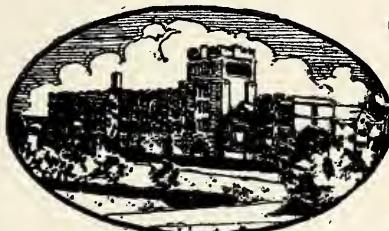
Guided by the advice of Mr. Robertson and Mr. MacMurchy, the representative body of the school has once more come through with flying colors. The Students' Council has this year added many things to its previous list of splendid achievements. This organization is composed of the presidents of the forms and of the various school organizations, thus assuring the representation of all phases of school life.

Because of the support of the Council, the publication of the Perroquet and the Annual was ensured, the latter being aided by two very successful dances held during the winter term. Another dance was held in honor of the students who took part in the Easter Concert. This concert, which was also backed by the Council, was thought to be the best in the history of the school. Just before the Christmas vacation, three parties were given the students, the total expense of which was carried by the Council. The Students' Council Award, which was originated last year, was again presented to the senior students who had been outstanding in the various school activities, namely, Marg Lowthian and Noel Powell. At the request of the Council, the Collegiate Board installed a drinking fountain in the gymnasium which has proven to be a great convenience to all. Crests of the design which was chosen last year were again sold to the

students, for a small sum. A folder, containing the courses required by all students, for collegiate purposes and for entrance to the various universities was prepared. It is expected that this booklet, which is to be brought out on the first day of the next term, will be of great assistance to those who are uncertain of the requirements of their particular course.

Although some of the members from first year have not taken a very active part in the discussions, the council as a whole has worked zealously to uphold the traditions which have been set in previous years.

(Signed) ELAINE MACLEOD,
Secretary of the Students' Council.



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PERROQUET

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PERROQUET

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COUNCIL
President

GENTLEMEN - 71



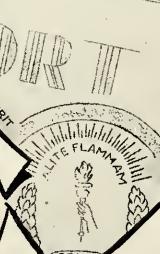
CENTRAL
BOQUE



A collage of political posters from 1917 featuring the slogan "The Central Perroquet". The posters are densely packed and feature various political figures and symbols. One prominent poster in the center-left features a large, stylized, cursive "RE" above the word "CENTRAL" in bold, block letters, with "PERROQUET" at the bottom. Another poster to the right has "THE CENTRAL PERROQUET" written vertically. The overall theme is anti-war and anti-American.

COLLEGIALE CAPELUS

March 26



This page is made possible through the generosity of

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REGINA

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THE PERROQUET

The Student Council once again sponsored the school paper. For the second successive year it was given away free, being supported by a grant from the Collegiate Board, Advertising, and the Students' Council. Unfortunately from these three sources only enough money could be obtained to publish two issues. Nevertheless both were well received, particularly the new features introduced this year, viz: questionnaires and discussions conducted by the Editors. Besides these and the editorials, the editions were characterized by well-written features, form news and sports and excellent Literary pages.

The support received from the school, though not overwhelming, was sufficient and in the second edition even encouraging. The editors—George Withrow and Gordon Blair, wish to extend their thanks to all those who contributed and especially to the associate editors: Marianne MacDonald, Bob Mitchell, Ross Barlow, Bill Angley, Bob Husband, Ellen Cameron, to the special reporters, to the Business Manager, who was also the whole business staff, Keith Ansley, and to the staff advisors: Mr. MacMurchy and Mr. Robertson, who all gave the support and advice without which the third volume of the Perroquet could not have operated.

After running the paper for a year the editors can look back and indulge in that sport commonly called second guessing. Without any regret on this occasion they are able to view the achievements of 1935-36 Perroquet and can pass along suggestions for improvements in the next year's editions to those who will be in charge of them.

In the first place, it is hoped that a large staff of departmental editors and special reporters will be assembled from those who have volunteered to work. Secondly, they would counsel that more questionnaires be sent through the school by which student opinion on various subjects may be learned. Thirdly, they suggest that next year's staff press for the establishment of a Students' Publication Fund. Finally, they advise the Students' Council of next year when they re-establish the Perroquet to consider this thought in regard to finance: that if the Collegiate Board grant is skipped and a charge is made for the paper although it will not be able to reach so many people in the school yet by the establishment of a competent business staff to sell advertising and to look after circulation, the Perroquet can be published at regular intervals and so become a more recognized and more influential factor in school life than a semi-yearly publication can ever hope to be.

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COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

On November 1, 1935, a large assemblage of teachers, parents, and students witnessed Central's Twenty-Seventh Commencement Exercises held at Darke Hall. Once more honors were bestowed upon those who had excelled themselves the previous years in both athletic and scholastic pursuits.

The Honorable J. G. Gardiner, who had resigned the Premiership of Saskatchewan only that afternoon to take over the Ministry of Agriculture in the Federal Government, gave an inspiring address before presenting the University of Saskatchewan Scholarship to Murray Auld and the Chief Justice Brown Medal to Noel Powell, who gave the valedictory address.

The evening's entertainment included: selections by the Central Collegiate Orchestra; vocal selections by Lorne Wickerson, Kenneth Allan, Elgar Club and Freshmen Quartette, violin selection by Ross MacRae; Pyramid Building, directed by Mr. Myatt, and "The Rodeo" a girls' dance number under the direction of Miss V. Creighton.

Class pins were presented by Dr. Hugh McLean; medals and "C's" were given out by C. E. Little, K.C. Other presentations were duly made by Miss E. D. Cathro and Mr. Frank Smith. Mr. Scrimgeour gave out the special prizes.

ORATORY

This year, in the opinion of Mr. Scrimgeour, is the best one Central has ever had in oratory. The enthusiasm and interest, shown to a greater degree than ever before, resulted in twelve entries.

In the Bryant Contest, Murray Westgate won out in the Central eliminations, speaking on the "Age of Electricity." Harold Hyman ably represented Regina at Saskatoon, with his speech, "International Peace," after triumphing over Murray Westgate in the Regina District Finals. Both boys are to be congratulated on their success. Other contestants who did credit, both to themselves and to their school, include: Connie Biddell and Marvin Wasserman (International Peace); Ernest Ploss (Why an Education); Percy Larter and Phillip Perry (Opportunities for Youth Today); and Gordon Blair (The R.C.M.P.).

Bob Mitchell, winner of the Central I.O.D.E. eliminations, choosing as his topic "The Road to Peace," ranked third in the city I.O.D.E. contest. Those with whom he competed at Central were: Connie Biddell and Muriel Perry (Road to Peace); and Ken Walters (The League and the Present Crises).

These students have given of their best to make this year a memorable one in the history of the Collegiate's oratory. Their efforts have been appreciated by the school; we all join in wishing them continued success in the future. May these, our striving speakers of today, become the foremost orators of tomorrow.

THE BIOLOGY CLUB

The Biology Club was organized this year under the leadership of Grace Yates, with Harold Rasmussen as a combination of President and Lab. Assistant.

The Club's activities consisted of two very beneficial visits to the museum; an interesting inspection of the Co-op Creameries; a hike to Boggy Creek and a social evening, besides the regular dissection work.

The inhumane ventures arising from the latter each Thursday afternoon, meant the loss of many a stray cat and innocent guinea pig. It is even rumored that Don Tyman set out to commit "felony," all in the name of science, and after failing to lure several wiser pussies, converted his girl friend's cat to the cause. The members were convinced that a cat does not have nine lives. The results were often disastrous, as the patients inevitably died under the chloroform or revived from the effects of the same during the operation. The work of Mr. Glen "Morpheus" Wade, the anaesthesiast, was of a varied nature, and sometimes succeeded in putting the leader under instead of the original victim.

If time permits the club is intending to take Rassy's nose apart to see what makes it run.

And now as the year draws to a close, the Biology students can look back upon a good year's work, mixed with an equal amount of pleasure, and many a laugh. They hope that the next year will see the same success with which they have met in the 1935-36 term.

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THE EASTER CONCERT

"The Indians Are Coming" and they came not in single spies but in battalions—the Elgar Club presented a first class Indian Pageant accompanied by the School Orchestra and featuring Eleanor Dolan, 4A, as soloist.

Boys' Ballet or "Glorifying the Canadian Male." To the lively strains of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" our dashing Wampus Babies gave a scintillating display of Terpsichorean Art. This merry company was directed by Les Waller.

Drama by 4A—Fantastic Flight: 4A, the successors of last year's Dramatic Club, presented something in the line of plays that was unique and different. Noah Boomer (Harold A. Hyman) a pacifist, inherits an armament works and plot develops therefrom. Rachael Resch portrayed Hope Tregorring, Isabel Hazen was Stella, Cliff Blackall appeared as Heatherfield, Glen Wade as Pither, Murray Westgate as News Reporter, and Don Kennedy as News Editor. The directors were Miss V. K. Macmillan and Cliff Blackall while the stage was managed by Esther Milner. It is our profound hope that conditions will be such as to warrant a Dramatic Club next year.

Intermission proved to be very unpopular.

Hysteria Cruise—An Original Musical Revue:

Mirth! ! Melody! ! More Melody! !

This was a continuation of last year's "Night Owl" and the spice of the program.

All the modern songs were rendered in fine style by: Lorne Wickerson (Captain), Eleanor Dolan (Mrs. Penelope Jones-Jones-Jones), Vic Erdelyan (The Chef), Evelyn MacLachlan, Murray Trimble, and Harry (Gus) Guest.

A girls' dance chorus held the males in the audience spellbound as they "went into" a new dance. A girls' Vaudeville Ensemble strained their vocal chords to the tune of Lights Out. Irene Watson and Lorne Wickerson hit new heights with a Russian dance specialty. The cast was supported by a crew who refused to "Give up the Ship" and two capable bouncers who handled the Disturbing Element, Art Wilson. The Good Ship Central pulled safely into harbour to the popular music of the Symphonic Dance Band.

Our Concerts have always proved successful. A few years back the Freshmen were "spotted" and given contracts and we are happy to say that our Troubadours (Symphonic Dance Band) were also "spotted" and straightway given a 13 week's radio contract. This year Darke Hall was packed to capacity on both nights. People had to be turned away the second night after the S.R.O. sign was taken down.

This was unanimously voted as the best Central has put out.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA A KALEIDOSCOPIC VIEW

Jocund rebecks sound: First by Ross McRae, Bill Homenuk, John Williams, Sydney Gitterman, Bill Peters, Paul Switzer.

Storage Seconds: John Smith, Louis Galenzoski, Ted Williams.

Flourish of Trumpets: Doug Craddock, Ian Partridge, Bill Loucks.

Tickling the Ivories: We have Phyllis Burrows.

Ross Sneath sounds the drums.

"**Towering**" over this galaxy is our amiable conductor, Mr. R. J. Staples, who back in '34 led their predecessors to victory in the Western Canada H. S. Orchestra contest, and was prevented from repeating this feat because the festival was cancelled this year due to unforeseen circumstances arising in Winnipeg.

They were, however, active in the Commencement exercises and played a stellar role in the Easter Concert, accompanying the Elgar Club Indian Pageant and playing selections of their own between numbers.

ELGAR CLUB

The year opened, as is usual, with the election of a capable slate of officers. They are:

President—Eleanor Dolan.

Vice President—Marjorie Townsend.

Secretary treasurer—Rachael Resch.

Librarians—Beth Ralston and Daisy Geisenger.

The club after the manner of our English cousins, held a very successful tea in the school auditorium which was transformed into a gay and attractive room (it can be done) on Saturday afternoon, November 23, 1935.

The annual club operetta was cancelled to give way to an Indian Pageant with Eleanor Dolan as soloist. This pageant was the first part of the Easter Concert.

In mentioning the Elgar Club one cannot help but name the man whose name was synonymous with its many successes: Mr. R. J. Staples has always exhibited unfailing patience and most capable leadership with the fairer sex who comprise this club.

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REGINA

LITERARY

First Year Literary Society—Chairman Jack MacMurchy.

Featured a 1A Amateur Hour sponsored by the Cannibal Soup Company. Popular songs were rendered by Allan Sarkissian, Mary Hayes and Betty Yarnton. The Music Went Round and Round under the spell of Wilma Espley and Merle McGinnis who were under the influence of "Sugar Plums." An octet took us back to their kindergarten days with "Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes." A "mixed" musical arrangement was rendered by Marjorie Smith superb at the piano and Ted Williams master of the violin.

Second Year Literary Society—Thomas Green, Chairman.

The highlight of the program was a burlesque of "Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes" by Janey McCulloch and Peggy Rogers. Songs were rendered by Audrey Fraser (Lights Out), Evelyn MacLachlan, (Beautiful Lady in Blue), Teddy Biggs (Alone). Piano solos by Leland Seig, Peggy Gemmill, Elsie Switzer. Dances by Irene Watson and Dorothy Duncalfe. A humorous recitation by Eleanor Detwiler was also on the program.

Third Year Literary Society—Chairman James McLean.

"Wahoo" said 3G and tore down the house with their comic version. Dot Chard directed "Shakespearean Hash," full of wit and humor. Fern Witman and Lois Bouey played two piano duets. Piano solos were given by Eleanor Jefferson and Jack Thomas. Dorothy Milne read "The Judgment Day." Jack Hammel vocalized "Flow Gently Sweet Afton."

Literary Societies are making a come-back around Central. This revival is due partly to the request of the students through the Students' Council and partly to the willingness of the Staff to encourage to blossom any dormant talent. Such literary societies are well adapted to Central's small auditorium so we can safely prognosticate their continuance in the future.

SOCIAL(ISM) BY GOOD MARX

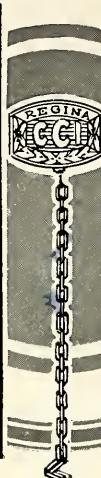
It was most truly said that "All work and no play makes Johnny a dull boy." This annum, however, capable committees and whole-hearted co-operation on the part of the students and staff kept Johnny Centralian a very bright boy. We can justly boast of enjoying ourselves at six exclusive dances. Besides these there was the Christmas Parties—one for the freshies, one for the fresh seconds and a third one combined for the third years and the adult seniors). They were marked by ice cream, pop and refreshments given out gratis on "the Students' Council."

These dances were characterized by an abundance of novelties, good prizes, entertainment, a refreshment booth, sociable students, and lately, our own Troubadours. Two of them were for an uncontested cause—for this Annual and the last one on April 3rd was complimentary to those who gave of their time and effort towards the success of the Easter Concert.

Truly a banner year for socials, let it be a milestone for all forthcoming years!



MARGARET LOWTHIAN



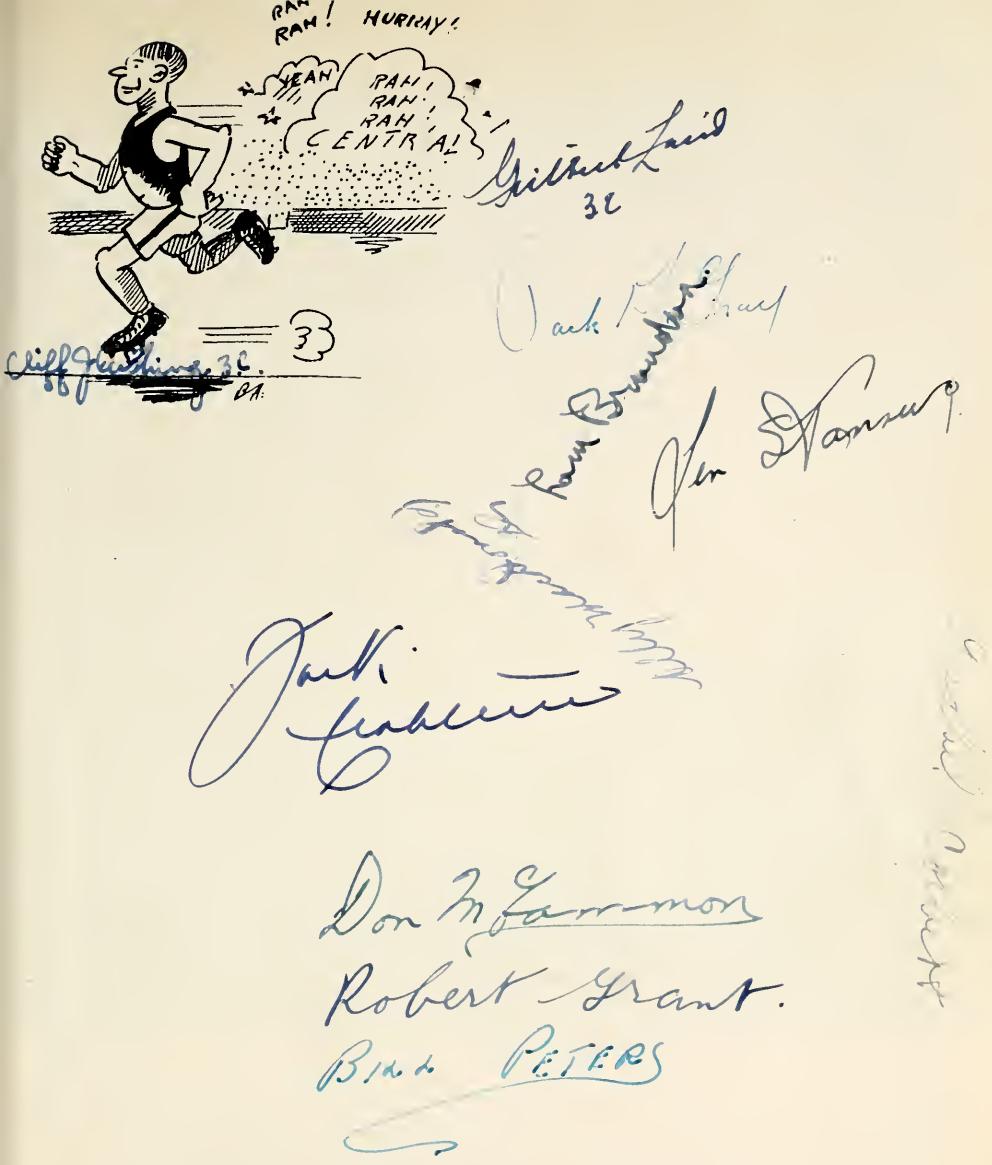
NOEL POWELL

STUDENTS' COUNCIL AWARD

At the end of the spring term Fourth Year students nominate by ballot the person, or persons, whom they think deserve the pin presented by the Students' Council. This award is given to the pupil who has been most actively engaged in the various school activities, including the Students' Council. In selecting the winner of this award the sportsmanship and all-round ability of the students are considered also. Only seniors are eligible and the final decision rests with the Students' Council, the president of which presents the award at commencement.

Last year the award was presented to Noel Powell and Margaret Lowthian. The former was vice president of the Students' Council and literary editor of the Annual. Margaret Lowthian worked very hard as treasurer of the Students' Council and in other fiscal activities. We wish to congratulate these girls. They have certainly earned the award.

NOTE.—This page is made possible through the generosity of Mr. Walter Eilers.



Bob Wellin
AS THOUSANDS CHEER
Jimmy Walker



ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

The athletic executive for the current school year consisted of:

President—Ross Barlow, 4B.

Vice-President—Una Athey, 4F.

Secretary—Bernice Barlow, 3D.

Treasurer—Don MacCrae, 3C.

Executive Members—Olive Demchuck and Bernard Isman.

Staff Advisors—Miss D. Tingley and Mr. W. G. Myatt.

The officers were elected by the student body at an election held early in the school year. Those elected have been active in all branches of school sport during their attendance at Central and have ably directed the activities of the Athletic Association.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

STANDING—Mr. Myatt, G. McArthur, M. Speers, B. Cowan, Miss V. Creighton, O. Demchuk, L. McLellan, F. Ordway, Miss Tingley.

KNEELING—B. Barlow, V. Athey, G. Wilkie, J. Wright, N. Lunam, H. Haug.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Senior: The Senior girls had an especially successful year, winning the Championship of the League which consisted of Scott, Central, Tech and Normal School. This Championship was won without the loss of a single game. Miss Creighton and Mr. Myatt are to be credited with the major laurels in the success of the team, for it was through their efforts that the group emerged as a highly co-operative team. U. Athey, O. Demchuk, G. McArthur, L. McLellan, M. McCallum, M. Speers and G. Wilkie constituted the forwards, and the defence players, H. Haug, N. Lunam, B. Cowan, F. Ordway, J. Wright and B. Barlow were especially strong in their department.

Junior: The Juniors have a sad tale to tell, as far as winning games goes. However, this season's experience in the League should make for better results next year. Commercial High School, Sacred Heart Academy, Normal, Scott and Central entered teams in the

Ally Macdonald

Junior League. Central standard bearers were D. Doan, A. Christie, S. Finklestein, R. Freedman, E. McGonigal, J. Debert, M. Brown, A. Demchuk as forwards, with P. Foster, R. Elliott, A. McDonald, I. Irwin, B. Yarnton, A. Wright, and J. Norman and B. Ralston as the worry of the opponents' forwards.

Midget: Another year came and passed without the formation of a league for the "mites," but Central's wee girls played a number of exhibition games, winning them all. The Midgets started the season under the direction of Miss Creighton and then completed the season under Miss Tingley's coaching. Sacred Heart Midgets coached by Nona Noonan, ex-Central Senior of 2 years ago, were the chief opposition.

Forwards: S. Pinsk, 1C; S. Hughes, 1K; E. Thomson, 1K; J. McCulloch, 2C; D. Rusconi, 1A; I. McFarland, 1A.

Guards: R. Bugee, 1C; K. Laird, 1C; B. Tate, 2D; M. Learmonth, 1G; A. Pauloff, 1G; H. Engle, 1G; C. Wilson, 1A.

GILLS' INTERFORM BASKETBALL

The Interform League had a colourful season under Miss Creighton's supervision.

First Year Winners were 1D: Captain, F. Ordway, A. Citron, M. Surtees, E. Head, A. Campbell, L. McLellan, H. Kajewski, M. Thomson and J. Yorke.

Second Year Champions 2C: Starring Loraine McLellan, M. Brown, L. Cross, O. Drew, J. Norman, A. MacDonald, A. Demchuk.

Third Year Winners: 3C took the third year honors—O. Demchuk, G. MacArthur, L. Pearlman, D. Davison, M. Mahoney, E. Stevenson, D. Gifford, W. Kozier, D. Lindsay, E. Linkert, M. Roantree.

Fourth Year Champions: 4C had M. Speers, G. Wilkie, H. Haug, E. Heidt, G. Boyd, J. Robinson, and M. Lanskail to carry them to the top.

In the playoff between 3rd and 4th year, 4C emerged victorious.

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GIRLS' TRACK TEAM, 1935

STANDING—Mr. Myatt, M. Cunningham, D. Cullum, F. Ordway, U. Athey, Miss Tingley.
SITTING—P. Farnsworth, B. Barlow, M. Trimble.

GIRLS' TRACK

Track has received quite an impetus among the girls of the school since the girls teams for two years have won the Provincial Championship. The fall meet brought out some interesting new material, and provided an upset in the Senior girls division.

Midgets—Gayle Barlow, 1K; Champion.
Wilma Espley, IF; runner up.

Juniors—Lorraine McLellan, 2C.
Bernice Barlow, 3D.

Seniors—Frances Ordway, 1D.
Una Athey, 4F.

With such excellent material, chances for repeating in the Provincial Meet look good, and it is hoped the girls will do their share in helping to retain the Eilers' Trophy in the Inter Collegiate Meet on May 15th.

HOCKEY

Things are bound to happen around Central—new things I mean—and what's more they did happen. This year the Student's Council sponsored two amusing though exciting hockey games. The amusing part of the games being that the players were those dainty feminine creatures who strut around Central halls knowing little about studies and less about hockey. The first game was "A" school vs. "B" school. "A" school came out on top of the close score of 2—1, but "B" school were right in there fighting till the end. The second and most spectacular game was the Staff vs. Girls. The teachers out-matched the girls with a one way score of 3—0. Cooper and Mac-Murchy were star players of the staff and the teachers showed great sportsmanship on skates. Better luck next year, girls.

Line up: Staff, Oliver (goal), Cooper, Doxsee, Griffin, Mac-Murchy, Williams, Greenough.

Girls: Doan (goal), Ordway, Bugee, McMaster, Wilkie, Athey, Baker, Irwin, Yarnton, Routledge, Wright (goal), Rogers, Ross, P. Laird, R. Laird, Speers, M. Smith.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL

Senior: Central's laurels in Senior girls softball went undefended last spring, owing to inclement weather and the fact that Normal School and Regina College close early in June, which diminishes interest in any league that might be formed. Prospects for a good school team this year are especially bright.

Interform softball did not progress much more satisfactorily than the Senior league. Each form played at least one game, but the schedule was uncompleted when final exams came around. Great interest persists among the girls in softball and it is hoped that this spring the elements will be lenient in opposition.

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MIDGET BOYS' RUGBY TEAM

BACK ROW—Mr. Oliver, D. Brady, R. Mutch, A. Lambrecht, M. Weicker, B. Angley, D. Hayworth, R. Barlow.
MIDDLE ROW—D. Weicker, L. Knapp, I. MacPherson, R. David, J. Mason, E. Hipwell, P. Hamilton, E. Ring, I. Essers.
FRONT ROW—K. Charlton, K. Wedderspoon, R. Hall, M. Jordan, D. Roberts.

RUGBY

The Juniors: Coached and managed by Mr. Griffin, Peter Noble and Tom Moore, the juniors looked for a successful season, but due to injuries and a few players leaving, the strength of the team was greatly reduced before the close of the schedule. However they managed to give a very creditable account of themselves in all games.

The Midgets: They may be small, but they certainly do play rugby. The 110 pounders were coached by Mr. Oliver and his able assistant, Ross Barlow. Only losing one and tying one game during the schedule to tie with Scott in total points, the team made no mistake in the play-off to win 11-4. This gave them the Gyro Trophy, emblematic of the league championship. The team: Captain and quarter, R. Hall; Backfield, K. Wedderspoon, M. Jordan, K. Charlton, D. Roberts, M. Weicker; Line, J. Mason, P. Hamilton, J. Nellis, A. Lambrecht, R. Mutch, P. Silzer, I. MacPherson, C. Stevens, E. Hipwell, D. Hayworth, L. Knapp, E. Ring, D. Weicker, I. Essers and C. Tanouye who started the season, but was forced to drop out when he broke his arm.



MIDGET BASKETBALL TEAM

STANDING—N. Douglas, L. Newman, R. Husband, Mr. Greenough, W. Angley, M. Jordan, H. Whittaker.

SITTING—M. Finklestein, R. Hall, I. Peake, M. Weicker, M. Botham.

BASKETBALL

Midgets: Repeating their performances of former years, the midgets under the able coaching of Mr. Greenough, went through the season without a loss. Most of the midgets will be eligible next year for the juniors and a good team should result. The midget lineup—B. Husband; L. Newman; B. Angley; M. Finkelstein; M. Botham; J. Peake; K. Charlton; M. Jordan; M. Weicker; N. Douglas; H. Whittaker, and R. Hall.

Juniors: The juniors, coached by Mr. Cooper, turned out a strong team this year to be defeated by Scott in the two league games in which these teams met, which gave the northsiders the championship.

A tournament was held at Regina College and Central emerged the winners of the Junior section.

Seniors: Starting the season with several of the last year's stars, both junior and senior, the team had prospects of winning the schedule but found that the strong Tech-Commercial team made up mostly of graduates of other teams, was too much to cope with; although all scores were close. Scott was the surprise of the league in winning all their games. Veterans from last year were: Team—Captain B. Isman, R. Barlow, E. Ploss, S. Abrams, E. Doan, E. Hunter, P. Noble, together with T. Moore, K. Robertson, D. Allen, C. Head and L. Wickerson. New sweaters were purchased with smart designs. Mr. Myatt coached the team.

In the annual tournament held in Regina College gym, Central defeated Luther but again lost to Scott. Previous to the league several close games were played with the R.C.M.P. "Mounties," and more sportsmanlike opposition could not be wished for.

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

A well organized interform schedule with 24 teams participating was carried through during the basketball season. Three games were played every day from 4 to 6 o'clock.

In first year 1D won the frying pan trophy after being closely pressed by 1H and 1G.

In second year 2B won out in the finals.

In third and fourth years 3D and 4C emerged from the field as the year winners. 4C and 3D played to decide the senior championship of the school and 4C carried off the honors plus the G. Mann Cup. This trophy for senior boys' basketball was generously donated by Geff Mann, a former student, to encourage annual competition in the third and fourth years. Mr. Scrimgeour presented the trophy to 4C on the floor at the end of the game.

Inter-Collegiate Basketball: In the inter-school competitions with Scott, Tech-Commercial and Campion this year, Central entered a team in each division. All games played were keenly contested and very interesting for the large numbers of spectators who turned out for the games.

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HOCKEY INTERFORM

Central's outdoor rink was again the scene of many hard fought encounters as 24 interform teams battled in the various leagues. The rink was in use every night that the weather permitted and two games were played each evening.

Mr. Oliver was in charge of the first year schedule. 1D carried off the honors in that year.

Mr. Griffin looked after the second year and saw 2B win the second year honors.

Mr. Lingard supervised third year's hockey. 3F emerged as the winners.

Mr. Hunt took over the fourth years. By merit of victory, 4C were pronounced champions.

In the playoff for the senior championship of the school, 3F trounced 4C.

SENIOR BOYS' HOCKEY

The senior boys' hockey under the able coaching of Mr. Lingard enjoyed a fine hockey season, playing at the Arena, the Stadium and Central's own rink. They played games with Regina College, Technical H. S., Normal, Luther and Campion, making a good showing in all games.

BASEBALL

Due to the illness of Mr. F. Howard the team was taken over by Mr. MacEachern last year. Several games were played with the various schools and colleges, in which Central more than held their own. Lack of a suitable playing field of our own is a drawback in this sport. Players on whom Central is counting this year include: Whittom, Guest, Robertson, Allen, Hunter, Carter, Tennian, Ziffle, Findlay and Dodge.

INTERFORM SOFTBALL

Softball had a flourishing season last year with all forms participating. New backstops and limed diamonds added to the brand of ball played. The shortness of the season makes it impossible to carry out a very large schedule but interest is keen.

BADMINTON, 1936

A real Badminton court and real racquets and "birdies" replaced Trig text books and stuffy classrooms this year. Under the capable guidance of our wizard of the racket, Mr. Fred Howard, as President, the boys enjoyed a successful season. Two tournaments were played in which Louis Galenzoski and Robert MacMillan won the doubles from Donald Kennedy and John Williams, and Harry MacKay defeated Louis Galenzoski in the singles. These boys never tired of the game and enjoyed a season of clean sport. The club extends a hearty welcome to all new players next year.



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SKATING TEAM

STANDING—Don Higgins, T. Green, N. McLeod, Struan Complin (Coach), D. Tallman, Mr. Williams, C. Gray, D. Dawson, Doug Higgins.

SITTING—W. Stewart, E. Linkert, M. Rogers, M. Baker, M. Robinson, M. Smith, M. Haines, A. Christie, R. Fox.

SKATING

Under the careful coaching of Mr. Williams and Struan Complin, Central students made a determined bid for the shield in the Leader-Post skating competitions. Their success was the result of the patience and time spent by both coaches and by the students in practice. As most of the students are in the junior forms, it is hoped the shield will grace the halls of Central for some time.

In the half-mile race for girls, Muriel Robinson, 2D, won the 15 years and over; Margaret Baker, 1A, won the 15 years and under, and Marjorie Smith, 1A, won the 13 years and under.

These girls and Mary Rogers, 4B, won the Senior girls' relay. Thelma Goodwin acted as a reserve for this event.

The Junior girls' relay team consisting of D. Tallman, M. Haynes, E. Linker and A. Christie placed second in the junior relay.

In the boys' events C. Gray, 3F, placed third in the Senior Boys' mile. Senior boys relay consisting of Norman McLeod, Clifford Gray, Don Dawson and Tom Green placed third.

Others taking part in the skating were Robert Fox, G. Stewart, Don Higgins and Doug Higgins.

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WINNERS CENTRAL TRACK FIELD MEET, 1935

STANDING—D. McCrae, B. Spencer, W. McNally, T. Moore, D. Biggs, V. Erdeleyan, R. Aitken.
SITTING—R. Hall, U. Athey, F. Ordway, R. Barlow, W. Espley, L. McLellan, B. Barlow, H. Pee.

TRACK

TRACK AND FIELD DAY

Last year the boys made the trip to Saskatoon for the annual Provincial Track and Field meet in charge of Mr. Myatt. This was one of the strongest teams ever representing Central in that field of sport. The Senior boys brought back the Relay Cup, and placed second in the Senior Grand Aggregate. This year Central is represented in track by two former Senior track members who participated at Saskatoon, again this year, namely Don MacCrae and Ross Barlow and from the juniors of last year are Doug Jolly and A. Crossley.

On October 4, 1935, Central held a gala field day at the Exhibition grounds, due to the fact that the North Campus was undergoing a much needed resurfacing. The field when it is finished should supply the sport participants and fans around Central with a first class field.

The programme went off very smoothly with a large entry in all events, thanks to the aid of Mr. Myatt and members of the Central Staff.

In the Senior boys' events William McNally was the winner, with Don McCrae and Tom Moore runners-up. The Junior boys' events were won by Bud Spence with Vic Erdelyan placing second. The Midget boys' championship went to Bob Aitken with D. Biggs and R. Hall runners-up.

These winners were presented with medals at Central's Commencement.

INTERSCHOOL TRACK MEET

This track meet again revived a keen competition amongst the secondary schools of Regina. Held last May 10, 1935, for the first time in several years it was a great success, the major award falling to Central was the Walter Eilers Trophy, graciously donated by Mr. Eilers. Each school was allowed three entrants in each event and it was mainly through the efforts of the Senior and Junior girls that this Trophy came to Central last year.

At the time of writing we are looking forward to the meet to be held this year on May 15th. For some time now the track stalwarts of Central have been in training and it is hoped that the Trophy will again come back to Central for another year.

THE 1936 PROVINCIAL TRACK MEET

As the annual goes to press, Central's representatives, fresh from their victory in the city trials are completing their training for the Saskatoon meet. As the teams leave we cannot but see that they will return victorious. In any event we know that such a galaxy of stars will leave a real impression in the record books.

The senior girls team which will defend the Provincial Championship now held by Central, consists of Una Athey, Frances Ordway, Esther McGonigal and Bernice Barlow. There is only one person entered from Central in the Junior Girls' Section, Lorraine McLellan.

The Boys' Teams are:

Junior—Roy Olson, Stan Stueck, Francis Pyne, Bud Spencer and Ed. Seibel.

Senior—Douglas Jolly, Don MacCrae, Eric Sparks, Ross Barlow and Bill McNally.

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THE WALTER EILERS' TROPHY

May 15th, at the monster Inter-Collegiate Track and Field Meet at Regina, Central won the grand aggregate shield, the Walter Eilers' Trophy for the second successive time, over a field of athletes from Commercial High School, Technical School and Scott Collegiate.

This trophy will grace the halls of Central for the following year, thanks to the peerless efforts of U. Athey, F. Ordway, L. McLellan, W. Espley, E. McCullough—the girls who picked up 79 points, which added to the 110 run up by the boys, B. Spencer, V. Erdelyan, R. Olson, B. Aitken and J. Dundee, garnered for Central 189 to Scott Collegiate's 183.

Each year the battle for this shield becomes keener. We hope Central will continue to turn out such effective athletic combinations and to keep the shield as a permanent decoration.

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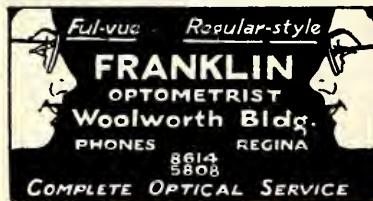
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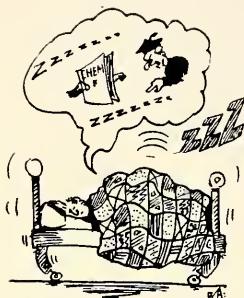


DEDICATION

Two thousand and one years ago, Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born. Under the alias of Horace he poured forth an unmitigated strain of third rate Latin poetry which everyone thought was first rate and still does. Sponsored by Maecenas and clubbed by Augustus, he wrote odes until he owed many a drachma, revenged his father's death and put Augustus in Olympus in one of the reserved seats of the gods. Horace applied for a rush seat after fifty seven years of decadent life but the joint was packed like the Easter concert. He is remembered for the odes he wrote and praised for the odes he did not write. May his name be inscribed on tablets of aspirin.

CENTRAL INFERNO

(With apologies to Dante)



A certain "stewed" told me about a nightmare he'd had. It seems that before retiring, he had absorbed a small snack consisting of one large, very sour dill pickle, a cup of milk, a slice of cheese, some left-over sardines, and a large slab of apple pie. It's a wonder he didn't have ten nightmares!

He dreamt that he was a second Dante, and that he visited a slightly more modern inferno—Central Collegiate—the souls of the damned being the students (of course), and their

torturers (tailed and horned) the teachers (also, of course). And like all nightmares, this one had no respect for time nor place, nor even people. He arrived near the end of the last period, and after peeking in a few supposedly busy rooms and observing the expressions on the faces of their inmates, he decided that if all the students in Central were laid end to end—they'd be a lot more comfortable—which reminded me of the time Mary Rogers had asked Bob Mitchell:

"Do you know Norm Kliman?"

Bob replied: "Yea, used to sleep with him."

"Oh," said Mary, "room-mates?"

"No," said Bob, "class-mates."

Then our nightmare-fellow overheard this conversation in 3A:
"Have you heard the latest about Miss MacMillan?"

"No! What?" "Well she was driving along in her coupe, when a traffic cop stopped her. "Don't you know what I mean when I put up my hand?" he said angrily. "Of course I do," said Miss MacMillan, "I'm a school-teacher."

Slightly groggy from this one, our *Dante* staggered into 4A, only to be revived with a jolt. Mr. Campbell (who believes in jolts), looking perfectly ducky in a little red suit with horns, was holding forth in a most amazing manner:

"I don't care if you came from Saskatoon or from Wales," shouted he, "you can't do that in my room."

And so, Isabel Hazen and Esther Milner re-



tired to the study room.

Dante hastily withdrew to the peace and quiet of a 1B Literature class. The downy-haired freshies were studying(?) "The Lady of the Lake." Deep silence reigned—but not for long. A whispering started in one corner, getting louder and louder.

"Murray, what's the trouble? Can't you be quiet?" admonished Mr. Howard.

"Well," said Murray, "I think I can write poetry every bit as good as this stuff of Scott's, and nobody agrees with me."

"You think you can, do you?" said Mr. Howard, "I must say—" "I can so," said Murray, "Listen:

'The stag at eve drank all he could,
And in his stomach he felt good;
The grass and leaves digesting well
Permitted him a resting spell.
No ill harm could this poor stag wail,
For all he drank was Adam's ale.
And when the sun was beacon-red,
The stag he staggered home to bed;
His stomach now felt rather tight—
And so he tossed in bed all night.'

"Now what do you think of that?"

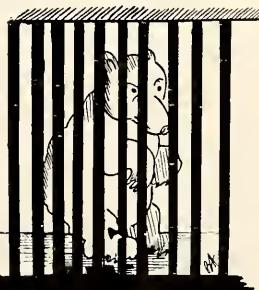


Completely flabbergasted, Dante departed with great speed from that room. He spied Mr. Oliver, with that "proud-papa" beam on his face, talking to Mr. Fred Howard.

"Why," he was saying, "just last night my little girl asked me, 'Papa, are you growing still?' 'No, dear,' I answered, 'What makes you think so?' 'Well,' she said, 'The top of your head is coming through your hair.'"

"Oh, but you should hear my little girl," said Mr. Howard, "she recited this to me the other day, isn't it cute?"

"Said a cheerful old bear in the zoo:
I never have time to feel blue,
If it bores me you know
To walk to and fro
I reverse it, and walk fro and to."



At last the bell! Recess! Groups of students began to clutter up the halls and Dante forthwith listened in on several conversations.

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Mickey Finkelstein: "Isn't the floor swell?"

Eleanor Lewis (who has been stepped on all night): "How do you know?"

Dante next found himself in an Art shop, and there was Mr. MacMurchy.

"And this, I suppose," he was saying, "is one of those caricatures you call modern art?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the art dealer, "that's just a mirror."

—A collegiate dance seemed to be in the offing:

"I bet you a dollar," a girl was saying, "that I won't be at the dance."

"I win," the boy said, "I'll take you." (Pretty neat, girls, eh what? Take the lesson).

—Yep, there **was** going to be a dance that night:

Stan Dethridge was pacing up and down the living room at Young's residence. Finally he said to the kid brother:

"How long will it be before Vaughn'll make her appearance?"

"Huh!" said the kid brother, "She's upstairs making it now."

—and then Dante was at the dance itself. He overheard a few choice conversations:

—After observing the activities of some of the students during intermission he remembered this:

1906 Dance: "Stop! I'll call the chaperone."

1936 Dance: "Stop! Wait 'till the chaperone goes by."

—and much later—at McGinnis' residence:

Ken Robertson: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes before."

Merle: "You've never stayed so late before."

—and at the gate of the Brown home:

Irene: "You remind me of the ocean."

Percy Larter (moving closer): "Ah, wild, restless and romantic?"

Irene: "No, you make me sick."

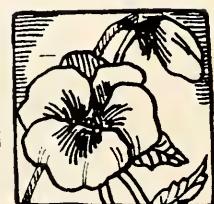
—Oh, yeah? Well, tie this one:

Berny Isman was feeling kinda low one day while he was in Moose Jaw. He walked into a florist shop there and said to the guy in charge:

"Do you send flowers by telegram?"

"Yes, certainly," said the florist. "Can I do anything for you?"

Said Berny: "Send me home, I'm a pansy."



"Truer words were never spoke," thought Dante to himself, and moved on to the next group. Slams (verbal) were flying thick and fast. Charlie Head was saying wistfully to Eric Sparks:

"I once loved a girl—and she made a fool of me."

"Huh," muttered Eric, "what a lasting impression some girls make."

—and Ross Sneath was saying boastfully to Bob Mitchell:

"When I was a little boy, I washed my face five times a day."

"Yeah!" said Bob, "and look at it now!"

And that confirmed cynic, Art Wilson, was cynicising loftily in another group:

"The talk of women is always about men," said he, "even their laugh is 'Hee, hee, hee'."

Dante also discovered that Keith Ansley is going to varsity on an old-age pension.

Bumpety-bumpety! Ouch! Was that floor hard! And so our Dante awoke. That was one accident he was glad happened. (Not any "gladder" than you are though.)

"The dawn broke like thunder—

Poor Dante awoke,
He crawled out of bed and
He thought he would croak;
That one day at Central
His spirits had broke."

—FINIS.



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